



Woodcarving popular hobby

When the winter storms swirl and bowl around the house, a good place to be is a warm, indoors workshop, whittling and carving away at a chunk of wood.

This is only one of the attractions of amateur wood carving, a couple of Astoria's amateur carvers, Deskin Bergey and Ed Ross, agreed the other day as they explained their love for this hobby.

Bergey has some of his carvings on display in the Astor Library, along with some products of the lathe turned out by another prominent Astorian Herbert Howell, who has been doing wood work as a hobby for many years.

Bergey says he got started in wood carving by whittling for the entertainment of a granddaughter. His interest grew, he added more sophisticated tools and took courses of instruction given by Jim Bergeron, county extension agent and another amateur wood carver.

Now he has developed an interest in stone sculpture and is taking lessons in that art from Roy Garrison at Clatsop College.

Stone sculpture is akin to wood carving, except that it requires different tools, Bergey said. Garrison, the instructor, has his students working "in the round" which means that they work around the object they are carving, to maintain the sense of three dimensions.

Garrison also has his students make clay models of the objects they plan to sculpt, again to help the sculptor's awareness of the three dimensions in which he is working.

But back to wood carving, a pastime in which an unknown number of Astorians indulge. Ross, who has been at it for several years, has acquired some 100 special chisels and gouges, but says he could do most of his work with six. He has made elaborate jewelry boxes, a figurehead for a small viking ship, and many other items. Bergey, who also has acquired a large array of tools, agrees that six would be adequate if he were limited to that number.

Power tools are verboten, however, both Ross and Bergey agree. And both are jealous of their amateur status. Both are purists, using only hand tools.

"I wouldn't dream of selling one of my carvings," said Ross, "but I have given some of them away."

Bergey agreed with that.

Both men say that the time spent in slowly developing an intricate carving is no deterrent.

"If one were to sell an object, charging for the time he spent, it would be ridiculously expensive," said Bergey. "But the time one spends on this work is time of pleasure. The

longer it takes, the more one prolongs the pleasure of working on a project."

One reason for taking time is that one mistake can be a disaster. A slip of the chisel can ruin a project. There is little or no margin for error.

Ross said wood carving is a "shadow art" and Bergey agreed that the shadows cast by parts of the carving are important.

"When I take a photograph of something I have carved, I realize how important the shadows are," said Bergey.

Wood carving teaches a carver much about various woods, and about the proper care of tools. Keeping tools sharp is essential to good work.

One learns wood carving on hard woods and progresses to softer woods as he becomes more proficient, Bergey and Ross commented. It apparently takes more skill to keep from marring soft wood than is the case with hard wood.

Using stain or varnish to finish a carving is anathema to the true wood carver. Ross says he uses tung oil as a finish and preservative, while Bergey uses Danish oil.

"Varnish would provide reflections and destroy or change the effect of the shadows," Ross said.

Both agreed that much rubbing is

necessary to smooth a completed carving.

"Joel Sarkie (another wood carver) gave me a deer horn to use in rubbing, and I'm going to try that," said Bergey.

Among other local amateur carvers that Bergey recalled offhand were Mrs. Waverley Warila and Arthur Stuart.

"There are more wood carvers around than you would think," he surmised.

The tragedy that occurred the other day when four people tried to row from Seaside beach to Tillamook Rock in a 12-foot skiff was a reminder of the days when one could rent skiffs at the end of Broadway bridge in Seaside to row up and down the Necanicum River.

I can remember rowing down the Necanicum to its mouth, years ago, and even venturing across the bar there a couple of times when the ocean was smooth and the tide flooding. Police Chief Chuck Paetow said he could recall doing the same thing.

Probably it was foolish, but one was younger then.

But why don't they have skiffs to rent on the Necanicum any more? It was a pleasant thing to row up and down that smooth-flowing stream on a summer afternoon.

Apparently modern youngsters aren't interested in such activities. Too tame, maybe?

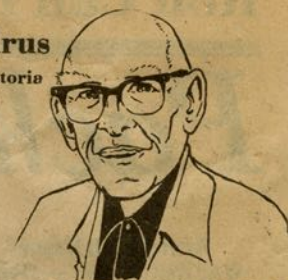
Another institution of earlier years that seems to have vanished is the old-fashioned soda fountain, with its vast variety of fancy concoctions of ice cream, fruits, syrup, whipped cream and various nuts. When I was a kid, there was a soda fountain in nearly every drug store and probably one in each neighborhood. They were soda fountains only with no sidelines.

When I came to Astoria a half century ago, Lawson's Confectionery downtown was a favorite hangout for kids who would sit and guzzle anything from a milkshake to a banana split or something even more fancy. There was also Jager's in Uppertown and Clarx at the hill top on 8th Street which specialized in similar concoctions. Now all are gone, not only in Astoria but everywhere else that I know of.

Probably kids today don't even know who a soda jerk was — that youth behind the counter who could whip together those gastronomic delights with skill and flourish and was the envy of a lot of other kids.

Times surely change and one sometimes wonders if it is for the better.





Cemetery site scrutinized

Since protests against permitting logging on an old Indian cemetery at Columbia Beach last week called attention to the cemetery's existence, efforts are under way to preserve it.

Dr. Edward Harvey, county historian, says he intends to write Gov. Bob Straub, the state parks division of the Oregon Highway Department, and the Clatsop County commissioners, asking that the site be set aside as a park.

The county commissioners have already delayed a proposed sale of timber there for logging purposes, as result of protests lodged by a group of Warrenton women, some of them descendants of the Clatsop and Chinook Indians.

Dr. Harvey also plans to investigate further the history of the burial ground there.

Two Warrenton women, Mrs. Caroline Petersen and Mrs. Beryl Depping, both spoke to me of their memories of the old cemetery. Mrs. Petersen has a collection of items that were dug up there in 1950 when a man started bulldozing the area. He dug up at least three skeletons before being stopped. Later he reburied the skeletons. One of them was a little girl, and with her were a doll with ceramic head, legs and arms and a sawdust-filled body; also some blue beads and some coins dated in 1850. He gave these to Mrs. Petersen who still has them. The doll is about 100 years old, Mrs. Petersen said. She took it to Sally McCready of McCready's Doll House, Portland, an expert on old dolls, for restoration, and Mrs. McCready told her its approximate age. The doll, rebuilt and dressed, looks in good condition today.

Another of the skeletons was lying on a board, and remnants of another board were on top of it.

Mrs. Petersen recalls that the cemetery lay on both sides of the road into Columbia Beach; Mrs. Depping remembers it only on the north side, where the bulldozing occurred in 1950.

"This would be a beautiful spot for a park," Mrs. Petersen said. "County Judge Guy Boyington protected it for us for many years. I can remember a wooden fence and some wooden headstones there. One of the graves accidentally dug up by the bulldozing might be that of Chief Tostum, a Clatsop Indian leader, according to his descendants."

Mrs. Petersen, a descendant of famous Chief Concomly of the Chinook Indians, and Mrs. Depping, a

descendant of Chief Coboway of the Clatsops and of Solomon Smith, who married Coboway's daughter, Celiast, back in the 1840s, both remember as young girls that they would visit the cemetery to play, pick wildflowers and decorate the graves.

The cemetery apparently ceased to be used some time between the turn of the century and the early 1920s. How far back into the past it was used I have not been able to learn — presumably it was used before the white man came.

It lies only a few miles from the Tansy Point-Hammond area where the main village of the Clatsop Indians was located.

Columbia Beach, location of the cemetery, was a recreation spot for Clatsop County folk a half century and more ago. I myself remember when the annual Scotch Broom festival was held there in the late 1920s and early 1930s. There was a band stand, used for speech making as well as concerts, during the festivals held each May when the Scotch broom was in full blossom. Old timers tell me there had been a dance hall there in earlier years. It was a favorite spot for picnics and such, and its use by the white men

apparently did not disturb the Indians buried beneath it.

A strange word in a Daily Astorian story the other day which said that a committee had "continued a ciastak fact-finding tour" sent me to two dictionaries on a fruitless hunt for that strange word "ciastak." I know that typographical errors, or "typos" as they are known in the trade, are a plague which besets all newspapers. But "ciastak"? It didn't look like a typo. So I asked Jim Edmunson, the reporter who wrote the story, what on earth it meant. Well, it was a double typo. Change the "i" to "o" and the "k" to "l" and you have "coastal" which makes sense. It's the first time in a half century of newspaper work, I think, that I encountered a typo I didn't recognize.

A good example of a little typo which changes meaning drastically occurred in another Daily Astorian story about the CREST meeting last week. The story said that the CREST council was "weary" of the problem of the proposed oil terminal at Beaver. It should have been "wary" which makes a lot of difference.

Mrs. Marjorie Bencik, Victoria, B.C., wrote The Daily Astorian some months ago, asking that we publish a letter asking if anyone remembers the John Wiren family that lived here three quarters of a century ago. There was no result, but Mrs. Bencik wrote later that she continued her search, through old phone books and some phoning, and finally located her mother's sister, Ella Wiren, 86, a nun in Seattle for the past 60 years.

"When she dropped out of sight, the religious records had her listed as Ella Warren, which is how the 1900 census taker in Astoria had spelled the family name, and that is why no one could find her."

Mrs. Bencik wrote that her long-lost aunt, now known as Sister Antonius, is "a 4 foot 8 inch sweet little fragile lady, with white hair, twinkling brown eyes and soft voice. We have met several times now and are so happy to have found her. All the time she thought she had no living relatives."

"Even her brother, Lester Wiren, 81, has never turned up. That is my project for 1978. He may have used the name Warren, too."



"GOOD SHOT, ANGEL — IF HAMILTON JORDAN WANTS TO GO ON THE PROWL IN WASHINGTON SINGLES BARS, HE OUGHTA WATCH WHO HE MESSES WITH!"



Fred Andrus
For The Daily Astorian

Bits and Pieces

First Methodist's 125 years

The First Methodist church of Astoria celebrates its 125th anniversary this year and is scheduling several special events in observance of the occasion.

There had been a Methodist mission on Clatsop Plains since 1840. The church in Astoria was organized in 1843 by the Rev. Chauncey Hosford, who came to Astoria in 1850 from Jason Lee's Methodist mission in the Willamette Valley. He preached at Lexington, then the principal village of the lower Columbia, until 1853, when he organized the Astoria church with an initial congregation of 20 people, according to an excellent history of the church, written in 1942 by the late Sharon Turner.

The Rev. Mr. Hosford had taught school and held religious services, starting in 1851, in a building owned by Conrad Boelling at what is now 8th and Bond streets.

The site for a church building was donated by James Welch. It was on the west side of 15th street, just north of Franklin and a block south of old Fort Astoria.

The building erected there was 26 by 40 feet in size. It cost \$1,600 and was dedicated in May 1853, free of debt. There were 21 members, 13 probationers and two local preachers by the time the Rev. George Berry succeeded Mr. Hosford as pastor, also in 1853.

At that time Clatsop county's population was 593. Astoria was credited with 140 inhabitants in 1848, and by 1850 it had reached 250 population. The town had started to grow rapidly and in 1856 a municipal government was formed.

The new Methodist church housed the Astoria school following organization of the Astoria school district in 1854, and probably continued to be host to the school until the district built its own school building in 1859, according to Turner's history of the church.

In 1855, the Rev. W. J. Franklin became pastor and probably continued in the office for several years. Records of the church are missing for the next several years, until 1877 when the Rev. T. Elliott was listed as pastor.

The Rev. Mr. Franklin was a chaplain for seamen in the ports of Astoria and Portland, as well as pastor for the local church. He was long a resident of Astoria, apparently continuing to live here after he gave up the pulpit.

The Methodist church building was much used in the early years for civic and social gatherings, and was also used at times by other denominations.

In 1877, the Rev. Mr. Elliott reported a church membership of 20 and that donations by the membership for benevolent purposes totalled \$495 for the year.

In 1878, with a church membership of 37, talk began of a new building. A site was bought for \$500 on the south side of Duane west of 12th, on Lot 2, Block 64, McClure's Astoria. A building was erected there and dedicated in 1881, debt-free. It was 34 by 80 feet, with a steep roof and vaulted ceiling, stained glass windows and a handsome belfry. The stained glass windows are still in possession of the congregation, stored in the present church building, which also has the bell from the former church's belfry.

The church was on piling above the tide flats that then covered downtown Astoria. In 1942, Mrs. Kenyon Stone recalled that as a child she fished out the back windows of the Sunday school, and Mrs. G. C. Pauling at the same time remembered how logs would beat against the pilings and sway the building during high tides.

In 1887, J. W. Robb, chairman of the church board and a law partner of Sen. J. A. Fulton, was murdered. The trial and conviction of the killer took place in the church.

The Rev. Johnston McCormac, named pastor in 1882, used to conduct services on board ships in the harbor on Sunday afternoons. Once he rescued a young man found lying handcuffed on



This is First Methodist Church congregation's second building, which it occupied from 1878 to 1916. Exchange Street, in front of the church, was evidently being rebuilt when this photo was

made. Hotel Tighe, in background, stood where present Methodist Church parking lot is located. Church stood on Exchange just west of 12th Street.

ship board. Paddy Lynch, local boarding house keeper, was convicted of shanghaiing the man and sent to prison for 10 years.

The congregation in 1912 bought lots at the northwest corner of 11th and Franklin and in 1916 and 1917 the present church building was erected there. It barely escaped destruction in the fire of 1922 that destroyed downtown Astoria.

Since then the congregation has grown until it now numbers 300, according to the Rev. Dennis Mullins, who became pastor in 1976, succeeding the Rev. Raynor Smith.

The list of pastors who have served the church since 1853 includes 40 names.

The Norwegian-Danish Methodist church, organized in the 1880s, merged with the First Methodist church in 1932. Its pews are now in the Elmore chapel of the present church building.

Charles Paetow, chief of police in Astoria, recalls that he became janitor of the church in 1928 at the age of 12. He used to have to start fires twice a week for choir practice and as a result was drafted into the choir, where he has sung for many years.

Paetow also recalls that when the Rev. D. D. Edwards was pastor from 1928 to 1931, the Hughes-Ransom mortuary used to lend the church, for Easter week, a collection of some 15 to 20 canaries that it had in those days.

Once Paetow, by whistling, got the birds to start singing during the sermon, to the discomfiture of pastor and congregation.

Later in the week, while dusting the pews, Paetow got to whistling unawares, and the birds again started to sing. Out of his office stormed the Rev. Mr. Edwards.

"Now I know who started those

canaries singing," he yelled.

The congregation has a committee in charge of anniversary arrangements. It includes Vera Gault, Dan Hall, Mary Mason, Paetow, Sam Churchill and Helen Spicer.

The committee has appealed to Astoria citizens who may have old photographs showing the various church buildings or early-day church activities to lend them long enough for copies to be made. It is hoped that a collection can be developed for a proposed church museum to be housed in one of the church rooms. Anyone who can lend a picture may bring it to the church office, which is open from 8 a.m. to noon Mondays through Fridays.

The celebration of the anniversary is to begin in May and continue through

the year.

Among special events being planned are a homecoming day for former members and ex-pastors, establishing the museum room and putting up a plaque at the site of the first church, 15th and Franklin.

The present church building was valued at \$42,000 when completed in 1917. It is 80 by 80 feet and the main auditorium can accommodate up to 800 people, with doors open to the Sunday School annex and a gallery.

The late Mrs. Mary Elmore donated a fourth of the building's cost, as well as the pipe organ and pulpit, in memory of her husband, Samuel Elmore, pioneer Astoria salmon packer. P. J. Brix was another major contributor who helped make the church building possible.

Forest fund background



Fred Andrus
For The Daily Astorian

Since there is so much argument about distribution of the receipts from the Clatsop public forest lands this year, it might not be amiss to review how this lucrative forest happened to become a public asset.

Back in the depression years of the 1930s, all Clatsop timberlands were in private ownership and the tax burden was more than the owners could carry. Their only way out was to cut the timber as fast as possible and let the property go for taxes. Thus the county court became custodial owner of many tens of thousands of acres of land, much of it freshly-cut over.

The loss of revenue to governmental bodies of the county was enormous.

Crown-Zellerbach corporation, through a dummy buyer, began purchasing much of this foreclosed land, which eventually provided the basis for that company's extensive operations in the county.

County Judge Guy Boyington, aided by other citizens of the county who wanted to insure against any future disaster such as had wiped out most of the timber tax revenues in one fell swoop, decided to hold much of the tax-foreclosed forest lands in public ownership, to be managed as a public forest for benefit of the governmental agencies which had depended on timber taxes for much of their revenue.

Instead of taxes, the receipts from sale of timber from the public forest would be distributed in the same ratio as taxes. This would provide a sure source of funds and help ease the burden on the property taxpayers of the county.

To make this program possible, legislation was needed. This was achieved in the 1939 legislative session, with the enthusiastic support of Gov. Charles Sprague.

The legislation provided that the property held by the county would be turned over to the state Department of Forestry for management purposes, as the county did not have the resources for an adequate management program.

The legislation also provided a method of distribution of revenues from the public forest. Specified amounts were set to reimburse the Department of Forestry and the county government

for management costs and other expenses. The rest was to be distributed to the taxing bodies in the same ratio as property taxes.

This program has worked well for more than three decades, in which the annual revenues from the forests have grown steadily as the productivity of the county forest lands has increased. As the revenues grew, so did the chances of quarreling over their distribution.

Now, through an action of the county commissioners which seems ill-advised and contrary to the intent, if not the letter, of the 1939 legislation and contrary also to the purpose of the entire program, squabbling over the distribution has begun.

School districts, who are the biggest losers from the county commission's decision to increase its share of the annual revenues to 40 percent, are naturally incensed and threaten court action.

We can be sure that there are members of the state legislature who will see quarreling among the recipients as an excuse to seize a large chunk of the money to help the state solve its many financial problems.

This could be particularly likely if voters approve Measure No. 6 next November.

It is indeed regrettable that the county commissioners saw fit to dip their fingers more deeply into this pie. The county's right to do this is doubtful. Its role in this forestry program is much more custodial than proprietary. The lion's share of the revenue from forest sales rightfully belongs to the governmental entities which lost the forest taxes through the foreclosures of the 1930s.

Dr. Edward Harvey, county historical preservation officer, is petitioning the federal government to have the old Indian burial ground at Columbia Beach named as a national historic site. He also is considering a request for re-interment of a long-dead Indian in the ancient cemetery.

Some weeks ago students from Clatsop College were conducting archeological digging in the site of an old Indian village south of Seaside when

they came upon a skeleton.

Occupancy of this village is estimated by archeologists to have been from 615 B.C. to 195 A.D. The skeleton was found almost at the bottom of the village's garbage dump, so its age is estimated at around 5-600 B.C., or some 1500 years.

The archeologists carefully removed the skeleton, which is now in custody of Dr. Richard Ross, Oregon State University archeologist, for a pathological examination to get the most information possible about it.

Fred Hasle, the Clatsop College instructor who was in charge of the dig, found himself for a time in hot water, as a recently-enacted state law requires that the finder of human remains must not remove them without permission of the state.

However, this trouble has blown over.

The Chinook Indian Tribal Council has interested itself in the matter and

has approved the proposal to have the burial made in the Columbia Beach cemetery. Dr. Harvey said that he is investigating the legal aspects of the burial and expects that there will be no obstacle.

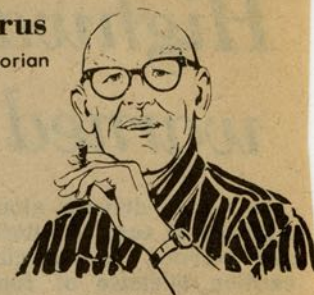
The skeleton is the first to be discovered in several years of digging at the sites of ancient Indian villages south of Seaside.

It apparently was not buried properly, as there is no indication of excavation around it. It was left lying on its side with the left arm extended overhead, the right arm bent and the knees slightly flexed.

Perhaps it was an accidental death or perhaps the death was from some mysterious ailment which frightened the Indians so they did not want to touch the body for burial, said Bob Drucker of Astoria, who has been active for many years in the archeological work at the site.



"STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE...."



Knappton name survives

Among the boats that went up the Snake River to Lewiston, Ida., for the televised ceremonies marking completion of Lower Granite dam was a tug wearing the "K" emblem on its stack. This marked it as a unit of the Knappton Towboat Company fleet.

It was a reminder of how this company, which had its origin in the Astoria area, has grown to become one of the major towboat and barge concerns on the Columbia River.

Knappton Towboat Company was an offshoot of Knappton Mills Company, which in the early years of the 20th century operated a sawmill at Knappton, Wash., and had extensive logging operations in the nearby region.

Knappton Mills Company is long gone. The mill burned in 1934 or 1935 and was never rebuilt. The town of Knappton almost vanished. But the name Knappton survives in the towboat company which has continued to grow and flourish for six decades. Another Knappton memento is the name "KM Hill" for the ridge traversed by the Ocean Beach highway between Grays River and Skamokawa, the "KM" standing for Knappton Mills.

Peter Brix, president of Knappton Towboat and grandson of its founder, says that "all the time" people ask him how Knappton Towboat got its name. Others among the approximately 100 employees of the firm are pestered by the same query.

In 1912 Peter J. Brix, head of the Knappton Mills Company, obtained the tug R. Miller to tow logs to the mill site at Knappton, which was located at the head of navigation on the north channel of the Columbia.

Lumber from the big mill was loaded on sailing vessels and steam schooners for shipment to market.

Brix added the tug Electro a few years later, and in 1920 he incorporated Knappton Towboat as a separate company, since he had begun doing some towing work for other people.

In 1922 Callender Navigation Company of Astoria, which ran tugs and freight boats on the lower river, was merged with Knappton Towboat, Brix keeping control.

The firm gradually expanded over the years, getting into oil barging, hog fuel barging and other activities in addition to log towing. Head office was established in Astoria, but in 1939 or 1940, as the business grew, the head office was moved to Portland, although the Astoria office is still maintained.

In 1961 Knappton Towboat acquired the long-established Astoria business of Arrow Tug and Barge Company from Jim Stacy who had taken it over after the deaths of Ted, Harry and Phil Cherry, the original owners.

In 1965 the company took over Westport Towboat Company from Stacy and Erling Plato, who had acquired it after the death of Louis Larson, its founder.

Next acquisition was the Columbia-Pacific Towing Company of Stevenson, Wash., in 1970. This put Knappton Towboat into the Columbia Gorge area for the first time, and into the wood chip barging business in a big way. Chips were hauled from the gorge area to Longview and Camas pulp mills, and from the Rainier area to the new Crown-Zellerbach mill at Wauna.

Knappton Towboat entered the grain barging business in 1971, hauling grain from Almota, Wash., 35 miles below Lewiston on the Snake, to Portland, 330 miles away.

"We are continuing to expand our grain barging," Brix said. "We will operate out of Lewiston to Portland on a steady basis, starting this summer."

Brix has been head of the company since 1964. His grandfather headed the firm during its early years and was succeeded by his son, John A. Brix, who was president from 1950 to 1960. Fred Meyer Sr., who began his career with the company in Astoria, was manager for many years until his 1964 retirement. Meyer is still with the company on a consultant basis.

Knappton Towboat now operates a fleet of 20 tugs, seven grain barges, 11 wood chip barges and two oil barges. It works in grain, wood chips, oil transporting, log towing and ship assisting, as well as general towing work. The firm also operates a log handling yard in the Columbia Gorge, where it sorts and grades logs and makes up rafts. It runs a log dump in Oregon City and is part owner of Coast Marine Construction Company, an Astoria firm.

Of the 100 people on its payroll, 30 are employed in Astoria, where it has a fleet of eight tugs plus the pilot boat Arrow No. 2 that moves bar and river pilots between ship and shore along the Astoria waterfront. The eight tugs are the Arrow 3, Tonquin, Mary L, Louie 3, Betsy L, John A, Ruby M and Knappton.

Knappton Towboat is one of four

companies, all about the same size, that dominate towing and barging on the Columbia. The others are Tidewater, Pacific Inland and Western Transportation, the latter a Crown-Zellerbach subsidiary.

What are Astoria's prospects in the growth of barge traffic on the Columbia and Snake?

"I think there is a chance to develop container barging between Astoria and upriver ports," Brix said. "When a ship has only a small number of containers for the Columbia River, it can be cheaper to discharge them at Astoria and barge them upstream. But for big cargoes, it is cheaper to run the ship to Portland."

"Also, if the Port of Astoria will install a grain unloading system for barges, it could develop some business in grain barged to Astoria."

The Orvo Nikulas of this city were in Quincy, near Clatskanie, last weekend for a celebration of the 70th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Rietala of that city. Mrs. Rietala is Nikula's great-aunt and a sister of the late Mrs. Victor Seeborg of Astoria, so she has many relatives in Astoria.

The couple were married at Suomi hall in Astoria June 24, 1905. They lived in Astoria a few years, then went to Portland, from there to Kelso, and since 1922 have lived in Quincy.

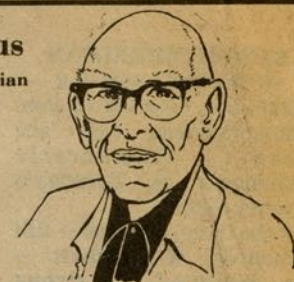
Rietala is 94 and his wife Josephine 90 years old. Both are still quite active, friends report.

They have two daughters, Mrs. Vieno Rantala and Mrs. Roma Brown, both of Clatskanie, four grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

More than 100 people attended the celebration, including several Astorians.



The spirit of '84



Last Clatsop Indian chief

Toastum was the last chief of the Clatsop Indians. He was apparently a nephew of Chief Concomly, whom he succeeded about 1830. Toastum died in 1876 at the age of 58, and, according to one account, is buried "on one of the ridges" in Ocean View cemetery. Another report has it that he was buried in the Indian cemetery on the Columbia Beach road, where effort is being launched to establish a federally-protected area.

Among Toastum's children, was a son, Baker Toastum. Baker Toastum's great granddaughter, Mrs. Diane Collier of Warrenton, has in her possession a letter he wrote from Quinalt, Washington, in October 1884 to his sister, not identified in the letter but apparently Mrs. Kate Toastum Jurhs, who lived for many years in Warrenton. Mrs. Collier said the letter

was in her father's safe deposit box in the bank, where it was found upon his death.

Mrs. Collier's father was Earl Falconer (1915-1967). His father, Ernest Falconer, was married to Frances Laverne Jurhs, daughter of Kate and Gus Jurhs.

Baker Toastum, who wrote the letter that Mrs. Collier now has, apparently had a good education, for his letter is well written both grammatically and in penmanship — an art that kids learned well in those days but today is almost forgotten.

Baker Toastum asked his sister to ask her husband, Gus, to visit the gunsmith in Astoria next time he went to the city, and buy a Sharp's rifle that he had heard was there and which, he said, might suit him.

Why the letter was preserved among

her father's effects Mrs. Collier does not know. It is, however, a fascinating relic of early Clatsop County days and is evidence that at least some of the Clatsops were well educated by the white man's standards. Baker Toastum was a full-blooded Clatsop. His wife was a Quinalt or Chehalis Indian named Yehoahata, and they had seven children.

Baker Toastum was drowned at Cathlamet in 1891 and is buried there, Mrs. Collier said she had been told by the late Mrs. Agnes Day of Warrenton, also a Toastum descendant.

Mrs. Edith Morrice, Rt. 4, Astoria, likes to save interesting items of news. She has sent in a couple of clippings from old newspapers. One is from a 1930 Astoria Evening Budget about a visit to Astoria by H. H. Haynes, Portland, president of Dixie Bakeries which had a branch in Astoria in those days.

Haynes recalled that he had first visited Astoria in 1855, on a trip to Aberdeen, Wash., with his parents who were pioneer settlers there. They came down the river from Portland on the steamer Queens. Then it took two days to get from Astoria to Aberdeen. They crossed to Ilwaco on the steamer General Miles, took a stage to Oysterville, and were taken across Willapa Bay to North Cove in a rowboat. Spending the night at North Cove, they travelled by stage to Peterson Point (now Westport) on Grays Harbor and took the steamer General Garfield from there to Aberdeen.

Haynes in 1930 also commented that he felt the newly built highway between Astoria and Aberdeen would develop much travel between the two cities and aid both economically.

The other clipping Mrs. Morrice sent in is from the Morning Astorian of April 6, 1926, and tells of a party given at the telephone company office to celebrate the 42nd anniversary of establishment of telephone service in Astoria. This puts the start of service in 1884.

There is a photograph of the telephone office staff with various citizens of Astoria. J. A. Brunold was manager here for the company then. Mrs. Pearl Gore was chief operator and Miss Nellie Anderson night chief operator. Other operators were Miss Lillian Carlson, Mrs. Alice Leonard,

Mrs. Elizabeth Edison and Miss Effie Rhoda.

Mrs. Vera Gault has published a new edition of her booklet, "Walking Tour of Astoria," which describes a 1.2 mile walk through central Astoria past the more than three score distinguished and historic homes.

The original booklet, of which 1,000 copies were published by the Clatsop Historical Society, is all gone.

The new booklet has some amendments to the historical descriptions of the houses. There are also a few additions, and a few more of the line drawings of old houses by Gale Hubbell of Astoria who illustrated both the first edition and the new one.

Booklets are available at local news and books stores and the Clatsop Historical Society's museum, and in addition copies of the new book will be available at local motels.

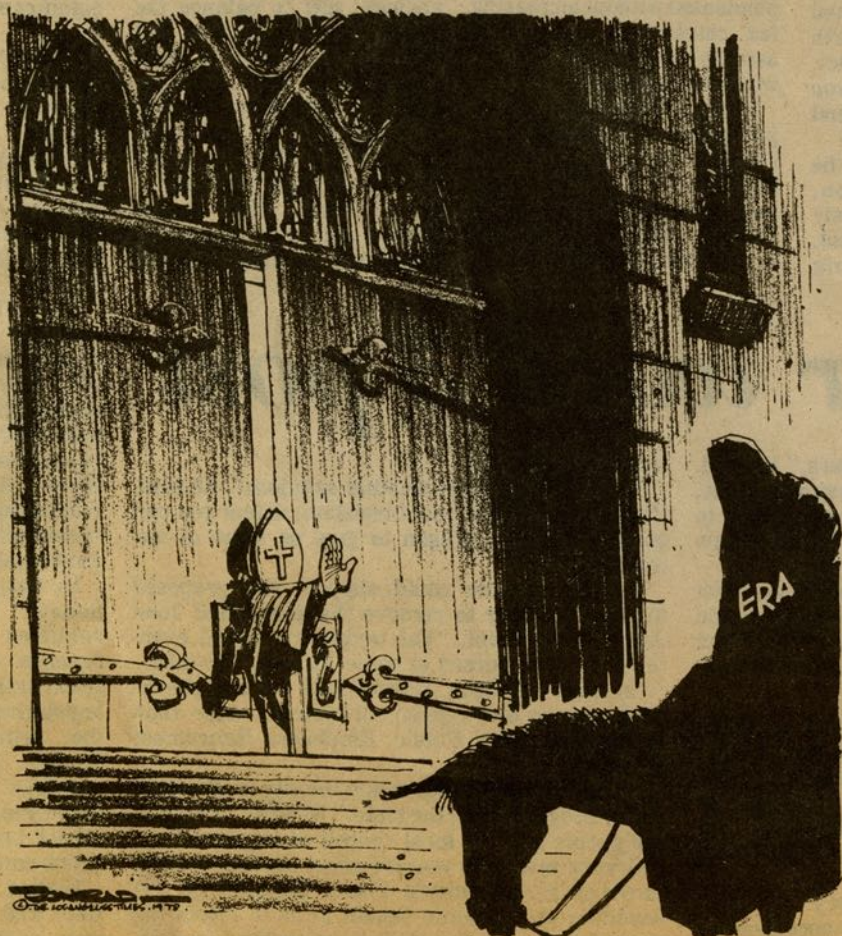
"Some of the motel folk said they were glad to get copies, as they get many inquiries from visitors as to what there is to see in Astoria," said Mrs. Gault.

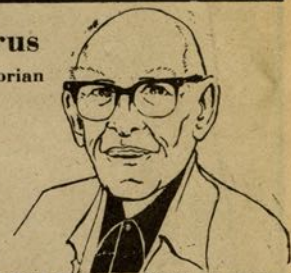
She said she first got the idea for the booklet from her son, Bruce Berney, Astoria librarian, who wanted to have something of this nature available for library visitors curious about Astoria and particularly its history. Her first effort was a two-page spread in a Daily Astorian vacation edition, which encouraged her to attempt the booklet, with help and encouragement from the Clatsop Historical Society.

Mrs. Gault has done her historical home work. Many hours of research must have gone into preparation of the historical paragraphs she wrote to describe each of the 70 houses listed in the booklet. That much history takes many hours of digging into old volumes and other sources.

Mrs. Gault said the idea of walking tours through a city's history is not new with her. There are many such tours in eastern cities — Boston, alone, has 10 of them.

Mrs. Gault said she recently visited Port Townsend, Wash., which has many grand old mansions, and that there is a driving tour booklet for that city, to enable people to find its old homes.





Long career an area history

When Minnie Lum came to Astoria to go into the hairdressing business, she encountered the same sort of racial prejudice that had kept her from getting a job in her native Portland.

But the opportunity came to dress the hair of Astoria's "fancy ladies" of Astor Street. She took it, and her work was so good that she was soon in demand all over town and on her way to success.

Now retired, Minnie Lum lives in her pleasant home on Fifth Street between Bond and Commercial, and recalled a lively career covering the major part of the 20th century.

She was born in Portland. Her father, Chong Lum, was a cook and restaurant operator who had come to the U.S. from his native Canton "to pick up gold" as result of tall tales told in Canton by Chinese who had gone to the U.S. and came back for visits.

Chong Lum had married at 19, before he came to the U.S., but the lure of gold pulled him to this country anyway. Only after 14 years of hard work was he able to send for his wife. Five children were born to them.

Minnie Lum grew up in Portland and attended Lincoln High School. Her father had a restaurant and large house near Fourth and Burnside. Her mother, who came from a wealthy family in China, didn't like America. She could not keep the lively Minnie busy, so her father said to send her down to the restaurant, and there she used to work as cashier.

"After World War I business fell off. I was the only helper, chopped wood and scrubbed the floors."

Her father was a fine cook and good restaurant operator, but a poor businessman, she said. He would make bad loans that were never repaid, and sometimes was victimized by business associates.

"My brother, who became a medical doctor, was the same way," she said. "When he died, he had some \$28,000 in unpaid bills on the books."

After graduation from high school, Minnie Lum got a job at H. Liebes' women's clothing store in Portland, as an elevator girl. The owner thought she was pretty small for such a job, but she said she was strong and he hired her. He also asked if she had ever run an elevator.

"I said yes," she admitted, "but I didn't lie. I had run the kind of elevator that was pulled up its chute by a rope to bring food upstairs. But I went there early in the morning and practiced. I learned it in an hour — I was always a quick learner."

She stuck it out for six weeks, but decided there were better things to do than run elevators. She got a job as receptionist in an elite beauty shop, and that started her on a career as hairdresser.

"I took to it like a duck to water," she said. "When things were quiet, the girl operators, who didn't like to do each other's hair, taught me how to do it. The five girls there were all experts. They also taught me how to massage. I would

go down to Chinatown and there I learned to marcel the hair of Chinese women. They didn't go out much, so few people saw any bum jobs I did."

Those were the days before permanent waving had been introduced, and marcelling was the way hair was treated.

Finally the beauty shop closed. Minnie went around to all the other shops in Portland that were advertising for operators, but was always brushed off. "They treated me the way blacks were treated," she said.

"One day I did a marcel for a Chinese girl visiting Portland. She was from Astoria, the daughter of Ah Dogg, who was a prominent Chinese labor contractor. She thought I did a fine job and said I could get a job in Astoria."

So off to Astoria went Minnie, to visit at the Ah Dogg home and look for a job. But two places where she applied turned her down, so she was discouraged and decided to go back to Portland after a week's stay here.

But while here she had become friends with Mrs. Mary Elias, who had a dressmaking shop and made gingham dresses for the residents of Astor Street. One day she took Minnie along while delivering a dress to an establishment run by a landlady named Sylvia.

"We went upstairs and knocked on the door. The lady opened the peep hole and asked Mrs. Elias, 'Who is that little girl with you? We don't let little girls in here.' " When Mrs. Elias explained she wasn't a little girl, but an adult beauty operator, Sylvia let Minnie do her hair.

This was the beginning of her career. When she got back to Portland, her Chinese girl friend called her from Astoria within two days and said there were five calls for her to do hair-

dressing jobs.

So she came back to Astoria. She found that the five girls were all from Astor Street. People there had seen the job she did on Sylvia's hair.

"So I got all the places on Astor Street," Miss Lum recalled. There were maybe two dozen houses of prostitution there in those days.

"Then one day a lady called and asked if I was the girl who did the beauty work for Pearl, an Astor Street landlady. I asked her how she had heard of me. She said that many of the Astor Street denizens came to Pat Gallagher's Imperial Restaurant to eat dinner, and that she had seen the job on Pearl's hair and asked who did it. 'A little Chinese girl' was the answer.

"I also did a hair dressing job for Hattie Gorman, head waitress at the Imperial. She was tickled pink and told the customers about me. That started the ball rolling."

Soon Minnie opened her own shop, on Eighth Street across from the courthouse.

"I wrote to my sister, Mrs. Martha Law, to go to beauty school and come to join me. She did so and learned permanent waving, which was just coming in — that was about 1923."

She gave up the work on Astor Street. All the houses of prostitution were upstairs and she got bunion trouble climbing up and down the stairs.

"I told the girls there I was grateful they had started me out, but I wouldn't be coming to their houses any more. They could come to my shop. But I would still go there now and then when some girl had been beat up by a customer and didn't want to go out on the street."

Once, she said, when she was on her

way to an Astor Street client, a man stopped her and asked where she was going and what she had in her valise. She told him it was none of his business what she had and if he wanted to know where she was going he could follow her.

"Later I found out he was Sheriff Harley Slusher," she chuckled.

The beauty shop on Eighth Street was profitable. Her sister, Mrs. Law, decided to visit China, and left with one of her two children. The other, Duncan Law, stayed in the U.S. He is now a scientist for the OSU Seafoods laboratory and an Astoria city councilman.

Mrs. Law opened a beauty shop in Hong Kong, and invited Minnie Lum to visit there, which she did.

She didn't like the climate and the heat affected her in summer. She also suffered from dysentery.

"So after two years I came home. I weighed 72 pounds, but the doctor told me I was healthy."

Back in Astoria, she stayed with the Ah Dogg family again, and opened a shop upstairs in the Associated Building at 12th and Commercial.

"My customers welcomed me back and within two months I was back in business in a big way. I finally had to take my name out of the phone directory, as I had all the business I could handle."

Eventually she left the Associated Building and opened a shop in the basement of the home she had built at 263 Fifth, where she still lives. She moved there in 1949 and stayed in business until 1962, when she retired due to attacks of asthma.

Now she is thinking of writing a book of reminiscences — and she has enough of them to fill a volume.



"... AND, OF COURSE, WE MUSTN'T FORGET YOU, MUST WE?"



Minutes of key meet found

Recently in this column, reporting on the activities of Solomon Smith, I said that the Clatsop County government was organized in 1845 in his home.

The book from which I took this information was evidently in error, as demonstrated by Russell Dark, chairman of the Clatsop County Historical Society. He has a copy of the minutes of the organizational meeting to establish county government, held in the Fred Swazey home in Lexington Monday, September 2, 1850. Dark found the minutes while researching the county archives in the court house vaults some time ago.

The 1850 meeting took place four years after the treaty with Great Britain was negotiated that extended the U.S.-Canada boundary westward to the coast along the 49th parallel, ending joint occupation of the Oregon country.

The meeting was two years after organization of a territorial government for Oregon in 1848.

President James K. Polk had appointed William Strong to be federal circuit judge for the new territory of Oregon. Judge Strong arrived in Astoria in 1850 on the sloop-of-war Falmouth and was waited upon by a delegation of Clatsop Plains residents who wanted a county government formed for Clatsop County.

The result of this conference was appointment by Judge Strong of Robert Sturgeon McEwan as county clerk, with power to name the other county officers. McEwan called a meeting in Swazey's Lexington home. He named William H. Gray presiding probate judge; David Ingalls as another probate judge, and himself as county clerk. The probate court was also the county court in those days, so the trio became the county government, with Lexington as county seat.

After taking the oath of office at a joint swearing-in, the new county officials created a separate voting precinct for Astoria. This included most of the eastern part of present Clatsop County. The main voting precinct covered the western part of the county, including Lexington, the county seat, and the Clatsop Plains settlements where the bulk of the population of the county then lived.

Lexington, which lay on the left or west bank of the Skipanon in what is now the southern part of Warrenton, didn't remain county seat long. Rapidly-growing Astoria soon replaced it.

The new county officials received a

petition from Samuel McKean for a grocery store license in Astoria, but the officials took no action for want of information on laws regulating licensing.

Later the territorial legislature adopted the laws of Iowa regarding such matters, as one of the legislators happened to have a book containing the Iowa code in his possession. This enabled the Clatsop government to issue McKean his grocery license for a quarterly fee of \$60.

Another of the new government's early acts was to adopt a county seal with the picture of a Durham cow with the word "Clatsop" to be engraved under it. Some time later a new seal was adopted, substituting for the Durham cow, the figure of Father Time with his scythe. Still later a third seal was designed, with the picture of a salmon as its center piece.

Robert McEwan, the first county clerk, who single-handedly created the first county government, was a remarkable individual. He was born in Nova Scotia in 1813 and came to Oregon in 1846 with a pioneer wagon train.

McEwan took out a donation land claim in Clatsop Plains in 1849, and one

year later he evidently impressed Judge Strong enough to win the power of appointing Clatsop's first officials. He served as county clerk four years, and was later for 15 years justice of the peace for Clatsop County. McEwan lived to be 96, dying in 1910 in Astoria. He was then the county's oldest citizen.

Nethaneel Christensen, who lives on the summit of the ridge between the Lewis and Clark valley and Tucker Creek, enlisted in the army with his brother Riphath just before World War II broke out, and both were assigned to Fort Stevens as coast artillerymen. He has been helping Gale Abrams, the state parks division historian at Fort Stevens, in a project to identify buildings and assemble information for historical purposes at the state park there.

Christensen has written several anecdotes about wartime service in the Columbia River Harbor Defenses for me, too many to include here.

One is about how he and his brother got nicknames. Lt. Platt Davis, to whose command the brothers were assigned, asked their names. He also asked if they had nicknames that

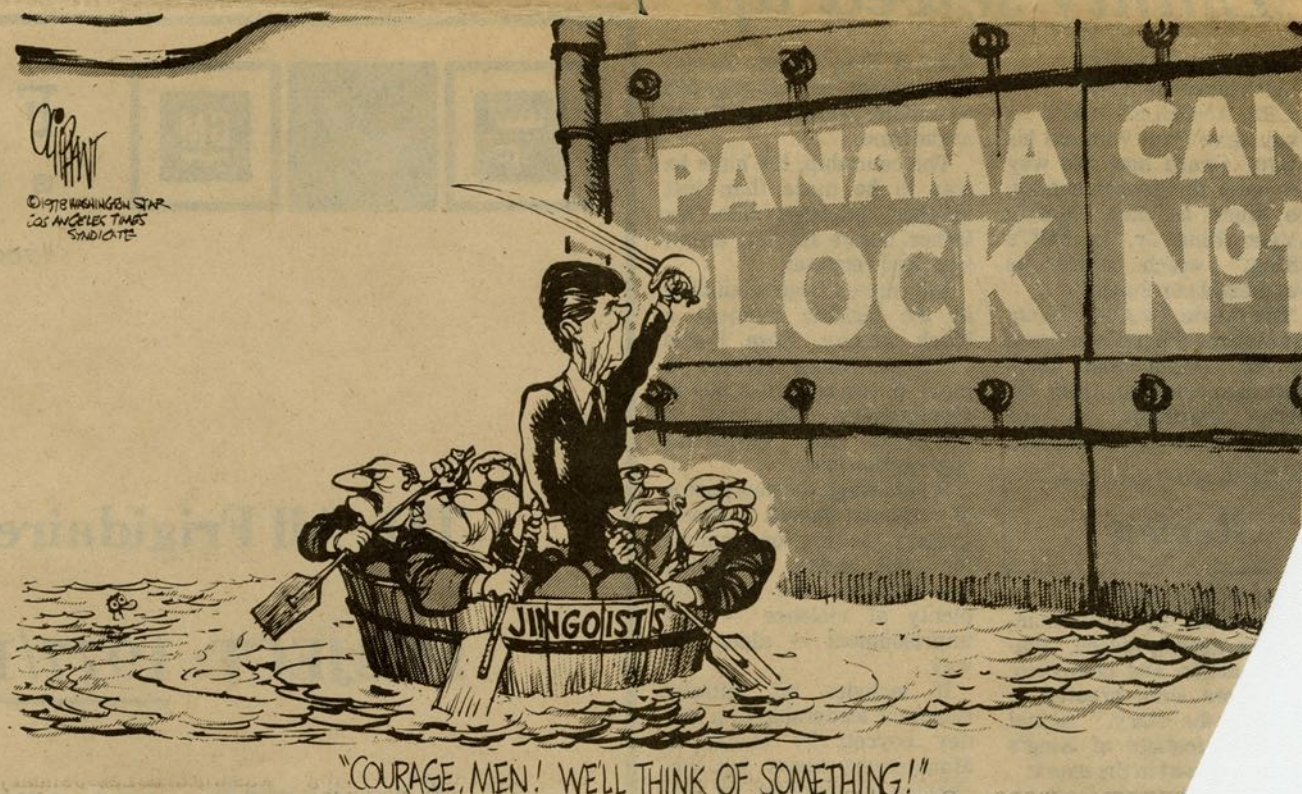
could be used to tell them apart. They had none.

"He looked at Riphath," said Nethaneel, "and said 'we will call you Rip for short' and then he looked at me and said 'you'll be Tear'. So we were Rip and Tear all the time we were in the service."

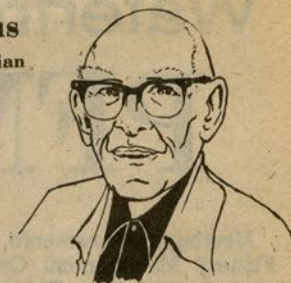
I myself well remember Lt. Platt Davis, as he had become a major and was commanding officer at Fort Columbia when I was assigned to duty there in 1943 and 1944.

He was commanding officer there when word came that the post was to be shut down in early 1944. However, just before the word came he had left for a 30-day leave to visit his Albany home, and I have long wondered if he had advance word of the post's pending closure. I was second ranking officer there, so I signed for all the post property while he was on leave, and had the fun of accounting for the whole shebang, everything from its 6-inch guns down to every missing wrench, hammer and truck, when the shutdown came.

I will run a few of Nethaneel Christensen's other reminiscences here when time and space permit.



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LOS ANGELES TIMES
SYNDICATE



More millstones remain

There are five more millstones, hidden in silt and brush, at the site of the Falls Paper Company's mill near the foot of Youngs River Falls, according to Carl Labiske of the Clatsop County Historical Advisory committee.

The mill was established in 1894 and produced paper there for several years before it was abandoned. The stones were used in grinding wood to pulp for paper-making. Several of them were found a few years ago after Crown-Zellerbach people discovered the ruins of the old mill. One of the grindstones now stands in the yard of the Clatsop County Historical Museum at 8th and Exchange, Astoria.

Some time soon, perhaps next week, county workers headed by Roadmaster John Dooley will clear a path down from the Youngs River road to the mill site and hoist the five heavy blocks up the cliff. The historical advisory committee is looking for suitable spots to set them up as memorials. One probably will remain to become a marker beside the road, near the mill site. The stones will be kept at the county shops until locations for them are chosen.

Labiske said he and Wayne Tolonen found the five mill stones while prowling around the Youngs River shores after recent freshet conditions. High water has washed away some silt and partly exposed the stones.

Dr. Edward Harvey has prepared a resolution calling upon the state government and county commissioners to establish the old Indian cemetery near Columbia Beach as a park for the purpose of properly marking and preserving it.

Existence of the old cemetery recently came to public attention when the county commissioners halted a sale of timber on the property at request of survivors of Indian tribes of this area. The county owns the land.

Dr. Harvey will obtain signatures of approximately 10 survivors of the Clatsop and Chinook tribes, and then send the resolution to Gov. Bob Straub, Highway Division officials and county commissioners calling for establishment of the park.

Reference to the cemetery has been made in a historical book just written about Seaside and Clatsop Plains by Mrs. Inez Stafford Hanson of Seaside.

Mrs. Hanson quotes Agnes Day of Warrenton as remembering the cemetery from her childhood, and mentions the possibility that Tostum, one of the Clatsop Indian chiefs, might be buried there or nearby.

Matt Pouttu, Portland, recently wrote The Daily Astorian asking in-

formation about the wreck of the river steamer Gleaner near Tongue Point on Jan. 28, 1888 in which three lives were lost. His grandfather, Erik Johnson, was one of the survivors.

Ed Ross of Astoria, whose grandfather Jakob Rinell was one of those who perished, provided considerable information about the tragedy, including an article by Carlton E. Appelo of Naselle that was published as a supplement to the Naselle-Grays River telephone book a few years ago, and some comment by Mrs. Sedoris Jordan Daniels of San Jose, Calif., whose father, Capt. Peter Jordan, was skipper of the Gleaner. It is from these sources that I was able to supply Pouttu with the information he wanted.

The winter of 1887-88 was severe and there were ice floes in the Columbia. The Gleaner, with a crew of 3 and 29 passengers, left Astoria for Deep River, Wash., in the face of a gale of wind. The steamer was towing a gillnet boat — a sail driven craft — owned by V.J. (Billy) Fritch, who had paid 50 cents for a tow across the river.

A sudden gust of wind hit as the Gleaner pulled out into the open river. The wind drove a huge wave that caused the Gleaner's cargo to shift and the vessel to capsize.

Fritch, who had a hatchet handy, cut the tow rope and stood by to pick up survivors. All but three were saved.

These were Jakob Rinell, Mary Wilmi and Mary Holt.

The survivors, crowded into the small fishing craft in icy weather and a storm, rowed and bailed for five hours to try to reach Frankfort on the north shore. They failed to make Frankfort but managed to land at Rocky Point, nearby. One of the survivors, Erik Maunula, had been injured and obtained medical help there.

The story of the Gleaner's loss was a noteworthy event all around the lower Columbia for a long time afterward and there was some controversy about what had caused the disaster.

Although the river had many ice floes, the surviving accounts do not indicate that the ice was a factor in the disaster, which was blamed on a huge wave that caused the cargo to shift and the Gleaner to capsize and go to the bottom.

Efforts were planned to salvage the wreck, but were abandoned when it appeared the ship was breaking up.

Sometimes it seems to me that it would have been a fine thing if there had been half as much concern for salmon in the 1930s as there is for the snail darter in the 1970s.

The snail darter, newspaper readers should be aware, is a small and presumably useless fish that was believed to live only in the Little Ten-

nessee River. It was discovered by biologists just after the Tennessee Valley Authority had finished an \$11 million dam across the Little Tennessee and was about to close the gates and start impounding water.

The Endangered Species Act of 1973 was invoked and the federal Appellate Court in Cincinnati ruled that preservation of the habitat of the snail darter took precedence over the dam.

Now they are even talking of tearing down the brand new dam.

I have never seen any serious suggestion that the snail darter is of any value to any one for any purpose.

What a pity there wasn't a federal law in the 1930s to protect the Columbia River salmon runs from construction of dams that have almost exterminated those runs, worth many millions of dollars a year as excellent protein food!

Those runs that originated above Grand Coulee dam were "totalled" by that dam; other runs originating below Grand Coulee and above Bonneville have been decimated time and time again by each new concrete barrier flung across the Columbia and Snake Rivers. If the Columbia River salmon were not an extremely hardy breed, they would be totally extinct by now.

It is ironic to see a nation that permitted the destruction of the valuable salmon now wasting millions to preserve the useless snail darter.



Presidents



No solution in sight

Can the spiral mural decoration on the Astoria Column be saved from the ravages of wind and rain? This is a problem that has faced Astoria city officials for most of the 52 years of the column's existence. The solution — if there is one — is still not in sight.

The mural is decorated with a historical panorama done in sgraffito work. This is defined as "a technique of ornamentation in which a surface layer of paint, plaster, slip, etc., is incised to reveal a ground of contrasting color." It is not the same as grafitto work, which is defined as simply scratching a surface.

The mural was done by Attilio Pusterla, an Italian artist specializing in sgraffito work, in 1926 when the column was erected. He covered the column with thin layers of concrete or plaster, colored different shades of brown, and then etched his mural into the surface layers at varying depths to give varying shades of color.

The mural, exposed to the winter gales that swirl across the summit of Coxcomb Hill, began to weather away very soon. The color began to fade and the outer incised concrete or plaster layers began to erode.

Pusterla came back after about 10 years and re-did the job. Fading and erosion continued, however, and Pusterla died. So far as city officials could learn, he was one of the last practitioners of the art of sgraffito, and they could find no one to do that sort of work any more.

As the years passed, various expedients were tried, aimed at protecting the surface from the weather. A coating of tung oil was one effort, but gave only temporary relief. A silicone treatment was tried in 1967, and it too failed to protect the surface very long. White paint was applied to the light-colored shields and other such surfaces in the mural, but it spoiled the esthetic effect, standing out in stark contrast to the weathered areas.

City officials have looked high and low for competent help to solve the problem, over a period of some three decades, but have had no luck.

"We have talked to persons familiar with this sort of art, told them our problem, and received very discouraging answers," said Fred Lindstrom, city parks and recreation director.

I myself called the Portland Art Museum. They could offer no help, but referred me to Jack Lucas, a Vancouver, Wash., consultant on arts problems. I called him, explained the problem, and got another discouraging report.

"There's nothing you can do about the color fading, so far as I know," he said. He added that restoration of the eroded surface coating of incised concrete would be a "formidable" job. He also used the word "monumental" to describe the only other thing he could suggest — impregnating the concrete with a consolidant to retard fading of the color — but this, he said, would merely slow the process, not stop it, as the consolidant would be softer than concrete and more susceptible to erosion.

The city government has not given up, despite repeated discouragements. A recent article by Doug Babb in The Daily Astorian on this problem produced several responses from citizens, among them a suggestion by Lyle Anderson of Warrenton to get in communication with Tile Contractors' Association, which has headquarters in Alexandria, Va. Lindstrom is following up this lead, as well as a few others Babb's article produced.

Lindstrom said it appears that anything the city might attempt would be experimental, risking a result that would be damaging instead of helpful.

There are several alternatives for the city, and Lindstrom is toying with the idea of proposing a citizen advisory group, composed of people

knowledgeable in the arts and others, to help determine the proper course to take.

Here are some of the alternatives:

1) Continue the search for some effective preservative method to protect the mural from further damage, such as possibly enclosing the mural in a plastic bubble, or some new surface treatment. So far nothing that has been attempted has done much good and expert advice is not optimistic. Such advice is scarce. Sgraffito work is rare — the Astoria column may be unique of its kind.

2) Continue the search for an artisan or artist who can do sgraffito work, and have him attempt to restore the mural to its original condition. There are practical difficulties here, such as how to preserve the drawings of the mural if it is necessary to lay a new surface coating of colored concrete for re-etching. Also, so far in 30 years and more, no competent sgraffito artist has been found.

3) Leave the mural alone and let the mural gradually fade away.

4) Cover the mural with a layer of plain concrete, preserving a reproduction of the mural art in a protected glass case for visitors to see. Those who favor this or the No. 3 alternative point out that it is hard to

see the mural anyway from the ground without risking a sprained neck. They also emphasize the high cost of any restorative or preservative process and the likelihood that it would be only temporary at best.

When county Roadmaster John Dooley took a tractor and a crew of men to Youngs River Falls to rescue the five sandstone grinding wheels of the old Falls Paper Company mill, they got more than they bargained for.

Instead of the five stones found there recently in the path of a freshet that removed some brush and dirt that hid the stones, Dooley and his crew discovered 12 stones, seven of them buried under the five that the freshet had exposed. They are of two sizes. The big ones, with round holes in the center, weigh about 1,800 pounds each. The smaller ones, with square central holes, weigh about 1,000 pounds each.

Dooley and his crew built a tractor trail down the cliff to the stones at the old mill site below the falls, then successfully hauled the stones to the top, where they were loaded on trucks and taken to the county shops.

The county historical advisory committee will now study the problem of what to do with such a plentitude of old grindstones.



"OH, BY THE WAY... WHATEVER HAPPENED TO YOUR FUNNY LITTLE TAX-PAYER'S REVOLUTION WE USED TO HEAR SO MUCH ABOUT?"



Old letters give glimpse of life

Keith Day of Warrenton is a great-grandson of Solomon Smith, Clatsop Plains pioneer and Oregon's first school teacher, and Smith's wife Celiast, who was the daughter of Chief Coboway of the Clatsop Indians.

Among Day's possessions are some old letters including two written by Solomon Smith in 1875, as well as letters written by Day's grandfather, Silas Smith, to various family members while he was practicing law in Laconia, N.H., in the late 1860s and 1870s.

Day's mother, Mrs. Agnes Day, was Silas Smith's daughter and was born in Laconia, N.H.

"I was born in Kalama, Wash., but we moved back here when I was four years old," said Day. "The family had a big farm on the west side of Smith Lake, and my mother was reared there. She remembers playing in the orchard."

The orchard has vanished, except that there may still be a fruit tree or two.

"Columbia Beach, where they are trying to preserve an Indian cemetery, was first called Idlewild," Day added. "I remember that my mother didn't like the name change."

Solomon Smith, who settled on a land claim on Clatsop Plains in 1840, was a prominent citizen in Oregon's early days. He was the first to plant fruit trees and introduce livestock in the Clatsop Plains area. Later he ran a store at Skipanon or Lexington, the first county seat, and eventually became a state senator. He died in 1876.

The two letters in Day's possession were written a year before Smith's death. One is to his daughter Charlotte in Portland, who had been divorced and later married Hank Ingalls. The other letter was written two weeks later, evidently to Charlotte and her son Hanky Howard.

Smith's first letter to his daughter was dated at "Clatsop," Feb. 14, 1875, and asks if she is still interested in buying a cranberry marsh he owned — evidence that cranberry culture had already begun on Clatsop Plains. Perhaps Smith, a New Englander, had learned about cranberry growing in his boyhood home and had been the first to introduce the growing of the berries to the Pacific Northwest.

Smith told his daughter that "if I had some mucilage I would send you some papers, and if I could go to Astoria I would send you some salmon. I don't like to go in a plunger in these northeast winds. Our steamer is broke down and I have to stay at home."

A plunger was a type of sailing vessel used on the river in those days.

Smith also said to "tell Hank (her son) that his grandfather put in a few apple trees just to let him see what our apples are like. We have plenty such, but clams are rather scarce."

He reported that he and Bashan Billy — presumably an Indian — had gone clamming with little luck.

"We are waiting for smelt and sturgeon very patiently," he added. "Hope they come soon or we shall starve."

Smith also appended a suggestion regarding Julia, evidently an Indian girl living with Charlotte in Portland.

"Tell her she must go to work and tell Charlotte to make her work, for if she comes down here, Grandma (Celiast) will send her right down to old Katas, who will make her dig clams for a living and it will be 'sweat, hog, or die'."

Such was life for the Indians in those days, evidently.

The second Solomon Smith letter is dated at "town of Clatsop" two weeks later, and addressed to Charlotte.

Evidently she had shown continued interest in buying the cranberry marsh, for it would be on hand ready for her "one year from last November" if she would have \$200 by that time to pay for it. He had sold her two cows for \$27.50, but would offer her the choice of his herd.

There was more about the Indian girl, Julia Watatay. An Indian had "come over" to marry her and was disgusted to find her absent, and went back "to wait a more propitious time. Don't let her come down until I send for her. I wish to hear from her mother before she comes down. Make her work and earn her living."

There was a footnote to the letter, addressed to Charlotte's husband Hank Ingalls, reporting that his sheep would have no more lambs until about April 20 and offering Ingalls a "fine large Cochon China cock. I would like to send him up to you if you would like him and take good care of him. All the dogs got mean and I had to kill Willie's dog Spot

and send Fluen off among the Indians and kill the rest."

Son Silas Smith's letters home from New Hampshire were written mostly in 1868 to 1872. He was a partner in a law firm and he told of his marriage there and birth of a daughter Agnes.

A letter dated October 3, 1868, has this comment about post-civil War reconstruction, then going on in the South:

"In the South a terrible state of things exists in some localities. Mobs and lynch law have full sway and a perfect reign of terror prevails. The old Rebel leaders are coming out as blustering and arrogant as they were before the war and if one is to judge from the indications, another war, perhaps not so extensive as the last but certainly a civil war to some extent, is imminent and, in fact, in some of the states civil war already exists."

Evidently the South's struggles against the evils of "reconstruction" created scant sympathy in New England in 1868.

Silas Smith in another letter asked if "they are catching as many salmon as formerly" and said he had heard that Indians no longer fished "at the Clatsop Point."

He also asked if Ben Holladay were going to build the railroad from the valley to Astoria. "Nehalem Valley is getting settled up, is it not?" he asked.

In a 1869 letter to his sister Charlotte he commented on pending completion of the first transcontinental railroad:

"The Pacific-railroad is very near through. What a change in our communication between the Pacific and the Atlantic will there be! We can go over

there in about eight days. It will be but a pleasant excursion."

Three ladies have the chore of writing a history of Clatsop and Tillamook counties in six months, to provide a seventh grade text book on local history for the Intermediate Education Districts of the two counties.

They are Judy Honl, Mary McDonald and Pamela Baumann. Mrs. Honl will write the history for northern Clatsop, and the other two will write the history of southern Clatsop and all of Tillamook.

"We want a different kind of history, with many anecdotes and stories of adventures," said Mrs. Honl. "We are very anxious to hear from any old timers who can remember interesting happenings to themselves or to their parents or other relatives. We already have some interesting stories, but we want many more. Please call the IED office, 325-2862, if you can help us. We have to work fast, as time is short to get the job done."

They would also like to borrow some old pictures and promise to take good care and return them promptly to their owners.

The proposed history will be aimed at seventh grade students and the authors want to be able to tell these youngsters where people lived and what they did in early days.

Mrs. Honl said that apparently the history of Clatsop differs considerably from that of Tillamook County. Even the people are completely different. Tillamook was settled mostly by farmers, while Clatsop had many mariners and of course many people from foreign countries came here.





Old road had troubles

Prowling through the files of the Oregon Historical Quarterly, I was searching for something about the construction of what was the first concrete paved road in Oregon and possibly west of the Mississippi — the short stretch which now parallels old Highway 101 from the upper Youngs Bay bridge to Miles Crossing.

I couldn't find anything, but while looking into the subject of Oregon roads, I came upon a story of the trials and tribulations that beset the building of what might be called Clatsop County's first major road — the old military road from Uppertown to the Tualatin Valley and on to Salem.

The road was financed by the federal government. But getting a reluctant administration and a reluctant Congress to provide the funds for it was apparently like pulling teeth.

Started in 1855, the military road's construction proceeded in fits and starts over the next five years. Start of the Civil War prevented completion of the last project on the road — making it smooth enough for wagons to use.

Today it is hard to see any military value in a road between Astoria and Salem, but it made logic in the 1850s. Then the population of the territory was largely located in the Willamette valley and the coast was nearly empty of people. Astoria, for instance, was a village of fewer than 200 inhabitants. If an enemy invaded defenseless Oregon, the obvious point of attack was by sea at the mouth of the Columbia. So a road that could get defenders quickly to the coast from the Willamette valley made military sense, at least to some people.

By 1849 infant Oregon had become a territory of the United States, with its own legislature and own non-voting delegate to Congress, Joseph Lane.

At the legislature's instruction, Lane that year introduced a bill in Congress to provide funds to build the Astoria-Tualatin road, connecting with an existing settler-built wagon road between Harper on the upper Tualatin and Salem. The bill also provided for roads up the Willamette valley on both sides of the river.

The bill passed in 1850, but it was 1855 before the U.S. Corps of Engineers got around to ordering Lt. George Derby of the Topographical Engineers to survey the route of the Astoria-Tualatin road.

To save money, Derby was ordered only to make an instrument survey where absolutely necessary. Otherwise, an eyeball survey would be adequate. Evidently Derby's superiors were unfamiliar with the vast areas of thickly timbered country the road would have to traverse, making instrument work necessary along almost the entire route.

Derby also was directed to mark each quarter mile and each mile, to facilitate letting of contracts for construction in segments.

The lieutenant optimistically estimated he could do the whole survey job in two months at a cost of \$4,000.

One of the first things Derby did was get into the middle of a squabble between two Astorias as to where the road's western terminus should be.

The main village of Astoria, located west of old Fort Astoria, where the downtown business district now is, had about 100 inhabitants, the docks for river boat navigation, and some shops. There was also Uppertown, an even smaller village, which had the customs house. People travelled along the beach between the two communities, which were evidently bitter rivals.

Derby somewhat undiplomatically decided in favor of Uppertown as the best place to end the road. Pressure from downtown Astoria resulted in referring the dispute to Secretary of War Jefferson Davis, who supported Derby. So the customs house of Inspector-General John Adair became the road's official end and it wound up over the ridge behind that spot, near 35th or 34th street.

Derby saw no sense in higher authority's proposal for a road 100 feet wide.

"If the idea is that this will prevent the road from being encumbered by falling timber, it is a mistaken one, the growth being generally over 100 feet in height," Derby wrote.

He respectfully recommended that 16 feet would be wide enough for all practical purposes.

Derby hired eight men and six pack animals and set out. They made five miles a day, cutting a trail through to Tualatin Plains, ending at Harper, which was located at a fork of the Tualatin River near the foot of the Coast Range.

The route he surveyed from Astoria ran east of the present Highway 101, across the Walluski and Klaskanine Rivers, running east of Green Mountain and west of Saddle Mountain. It ran down the Nehalem to the Salmonberry, then followed that stream up and across the ridge of the Coast Range.

Incidentally, the marker on Highway 101 near Elsie which is supposed to mark a crossing of the old Military Road is evidently in the wrong place — too far east.

Lt. Derby advertised for bids to build a roadway 16 feet wide along a treeless corridor of 32 feet. He estimated it would cost \$1500 a mile, but his superior, Major Bache in San Francisco, upped the estimate to a more

realistic \$2000 a mile.

The low bidder asked \$1500 a mile, but backed out when he learned he was low. Daniel Wright then got the contract on a bid of \$2000 a mile.

Secretary Jeff Davis rejected the bid as too high and directed Derby to do the job by force account. Derby started, but ran out of funds after running the road 20 miles beyond Astoria and constructing one bridge.

A bill to appropriate \$55,000 to complete the road was introduced into Congress, but ran into a storm of controversy, even though Major Bache supported it strongly and was incensed by the objections in the national capital, based on ignorance of the conditions.

Opponents charged the road was only for the convenience of settlers and had no military value.

Finally the bill passed Congress in January 1857.

Lt. G. H. Mendell had meanwhile replaced Lt. Derby. He began operations in April, working from both ends. He finally finished the rough roadway.

Mendell said the standard of con-

struction was low, due to inadequacy of the funds supplied, and that only pack trains and stock drovers should use the road, as it was unsuitable for wagons.

In 1858, Mendell asked for an additional \$30,000 to make the road usable by wheeled vehicles. Davis and Congress both approved.

Lt. J. B. Wheeler — probably the same Joseph Wheeler who later became a famous Confederate cavalry general — was put in charge of the job. He opened a 33 mile stretch from Astoria to Saddle Mountain for use by wagons. Then the secretary of war for some unexplained reason ordered the work stopped.

In 1860 renewal of construction was authorized, but the Civil War broke out and the road was never completed. The opinion, held by some military men, that the settlers would improve the road themselves, was never justified.

The above account is taken from a 1949 article in Oregon Historical Quarterly by W. Turrentine Jackson, of the Department of History of University of Chicago, who is identified as a frequent writer on Northwest historical matters.





Phone book offers history

Carlton Appelo, president of Western Wahkiakum Telephone Company, is a native of that area and son of a pioneer merchant and businessman there, C. Arthur Appelo, who died in 1977.

Carlton Appelo, who attended University of Washington, and as a history student there became deeply interested in the historic background of his native area, has for a good many years turned out occasionally a historic supplement to the telephone directory dealing with some community of the lower Columbia on the Washington side of the river.

Appelo has just done it again. The current telephone book, just off the press, has history of the community of Deep River, and tied in with it is the story of Appelo's father, who came as a young immigrant from Finland to spend 45 years of his life in the Western Wahkiakum area as postmaster, president of the telephone company and merchant operating stores in Naselle, Deep River and Grays River.

The Deep River story in the current phone book is exhaustively researched and embellished by a multitude of old photographs of people and scenes in Deep River, dating back into the last century.

It follows companion pieces that have appeared over the years on Brookfield, Altoona, Frankfort, Knappton and other communities of the area.

Early settlers in Deep River, who began arriving around the 1870s were mostly New Englanders and immigrants from the Scandinavian countries, principally Finland. The Finns found a countryside and economic situation based on forestry and fishing that was similar to their old homeland. The population of Deep River eventually became predominantly of Finnish descent.

Deep River is situated on the river of the same name, at the approximate head of navigation about 10 miles inland from the Columbia. The Indians called the stream Alimencut, Appelo reports, but early settlers soon named it Deep River. It is deep and easily navigable by fishing craft and small steamers.

Job Lamley was one of the first settlers in Deep River area and the first to attempt logging operations on a small scale. James Vaughn, who followed Lamley into the area, began logging in earnest at Stark's point, near the mouth of Deep River.

Richard Ferteg, a Civil War veteran, became the first school teacher when the Deep River school district was organized, Appelo reports. The Campbell family from Ireland sponsored the first school.

Many immigrants from Finland came in 1875, 1876, 1877 and succeeding years. Appelo says they penetrated the backwoods for timber claims and also began farming the land intensively.

The first post office at Deep River was started in January 1887 with Mary Shaw Ferchen as postmaster. There had been a prior post office at Stark Point since 1879.

After a succession of postmasters, Arthur Appelo, the historian's father, won the job in 1915, three years after his arrival in Deep River. He held it, with an interruption for Army service in World War I, for 45 years until his retirement in 1960 at age 70.

—o—

One of the most remarkable early day loggers in Deep River was a youth from Norway named Simon Benson, who later became famous and whose name is preserved in Portland's Benson hotel, the drinking fountains on Portland streets that were known for many years as the source of "Benson cocktails," and for the cigar-shaped Benson log rafts that in later years he shipped from Columbia River ports to the Benson sawmill in San Diego.

Benson had worked as a youth on farms and in logging operations in Wisconsin, Appelo says. He came west to St. Helens, Oregon, and in 1880 took a homestead there.

Eventually Benson acquired substantial timberland near Oak Point, Wash. He abandoned ox-team logging in favor of steam donkeys and cut the cost of production from \$4.50 to \$2.10 a thousand. He sold his logs for \$6 a thousand and made money. He also started logging, with help of his son, Amos, in Deep River valley. Benson kept buying up timber claims in the area, taking the logs to Oak Point, where he had begun building the big Benson rafts for the ocean voyage to San Diego.

Benson sold his timber interests for \$5 million and built the Benson Hotel.

—o—

Other prominent pioneer loggers of Deep River valley, Appelo reports, were the Olson brothers — Frans, Charlie, Adolf and August.

As logging thrived, the village of Deep River thrived with it in the early years of the 20th century.

The firm of Everding and Farrell, which operated the Pillar Rock salmon cannery, eventually acquired the Simon Benson holdings and established the Deep River Logging company.

Logging railroads intersected the area as operations increased in scope, and provided valuable transportation. Previously there were only the river and some poor trails that suffered badly from winter rains.

Appelo reports that to get from Deep River to nearby Grays River, it was quicker to take the boat to Astoria and then board a boat for Grays River, than to try to row around the point and up Grays River, or go overland.

Deep River had stores, a tavern, and the Shamrock Hotel, a hostelry well known throughout the lower Columbia for the excellent meals served there.

Appelo reports that loggers from Deep River would sometimes go by boat two miles downstream to Svenson's Landing, then put their good shoes in their coat pockets, don boots and hike overland to a dance at Meserve's store in Grays River. Above the store was a big hall where the dances were held.

Deep River acquired its own dance hall, which was turned into the town's first movie house in 1932, and later torn down.

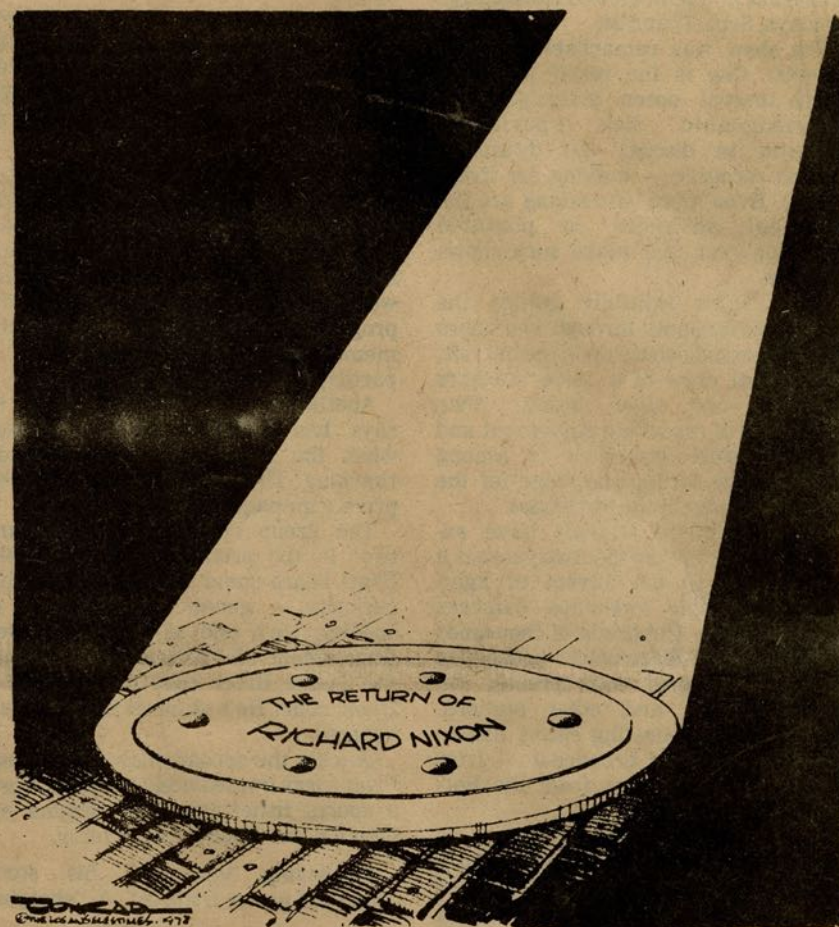
Deep River had a good baseball team, but nearby Salmon Creek had a better one. It eventually became the Deep River team, Appelo records. In 1916 the steamers Butte and Louise brought 200 people to Deep River for a benefit dance for the baseball team, which raised \$91.

Most transportation out of the Deep River area was by boat until the 1930s, when the Ocean Beach Highway was completed from Longview to Ilwaco and Long Beach, giving the isolated areas of Western Wahkiakum good roads both eastward and westward.

In 1932 electric power was brought into Deep River for the first time. Deep Riverites could see their first movie — Tom Mix in "Painted Desert."

Completion of good roads into the area hastened the decline of the town of Deep River, which had struggled hard to get them built. The Ocean Beach Highway bridge crossed Deep River a mile below the town, and this accelerated its decline. So did the advent of truck logging in the 1930s, which eliminated the logging railroads.

The above gives only a few of the highlights of Appelo's vivid account of early days in his home town. He tells of many adventures and identifies by name scores of the individuals who contributed to Deep River's colorful life. It is to be hoped he will continue to produce his phone book "supplements" from time to time. They are valuable history.



WATCH THIS SPOT!



Seasiders buy famed home

Ocean Home Farm, a pioneer farm and home fronting Highway 101, two and a half miles north of Gearhart, has been one of Clatsop County's best known establishments for almost a century.

It has just passed out of ownership of the Tagg and Bates families, who have owned it since 1901. Purchasers are Mr. and Mrs. Ron Weiser, Seaside, who will take possession Aug. 21 of the big home and about two acres of land.

The rest of the land will remain in the possession of the Bates family.

Ocean Home Farm was for many years famous for the guest house business started soon after 1901 by Mrs. William Tagg and continued by her and her daughters until 1976 when Mrs. Verna Bates, one of the daughters, gave up the business.

Ocean Home Farm originally was part of the Alva Condit donation land claim, which included much of the southern Clatsop Plains area. Condit was a pioneer, as was William Tagg, a native of England who bought the farm in 1901. His purchase included the three story house that Henry Ober had built in 1889. This is the same home that the Weiser family has just acquired.

Tagg had been married in 1889 to Sarah Ann Mackerell, also a native of England, who had come to the Willamette Valley a few years before. Tagg, upon learning that an English girl had moved to the area, hunted her up and courted her.

Tagg named the farm The Downs, after the rolling dune-like hills of his native England. He operated at The Downs, a dairy farm which supplied milk and butter to Seaside and Gearhart, as well as mutton and lamb from a flock of English Shropshire sheep he had established.

A few years later the guest house business began. The Winch family of Portland had for some years roomed during the summer in the spacious Tagg home, and from this start a growing business flourished.

In those days it was customary for Portland businessmen to send their families to the Clatsop beach resorts to stay all summer. The businessmen would come down for weekends, riding the Friday night railroad train which became famous as "the daddy train," as it carried daddies to meet their vacationing children.

Many a Portland family put up at Ocean Home farm, where tents augmented quarters available in the big house. So many fathers got off the "daddy train" there that it made a special stop before rolling on to Seaside.

Mr. and Mrs. Tagg retired in 1916, moving into a newly-built smaller home nearby. The farm was taken over by two sons-in-law, E. Grenville Bates and Mr. King. Bates had married the

Taggs' daughter Verna while King married daughter Elvia. The third daughter, Lystra, was married to W.L. Horrie.

The daughters took over the guest house operation which they had learned from their mother. The Kings moved to Boardman in 1919 and Mrs. Horrie also moved from the area. Verna Bates continued to operate the business until 1976, when she retired. Her meals and catering service had become favorites of the countryside. Her husband, E.G. Bates, was prominent for many years in civic affairs of the area. I recall that he was a member of the Port of Astoria commission when I came to this area a half century ago.

Bates continued to operate the dairy and added a chicken business. For many years the dairy barn and chicken house were prominent landmarks along the Astoria-Seaside road. Fire destroyed the large chicken house some years ago.

"For many years Mrs. Bates, the matriarch of the family, has been a well known citizen of the Seaside-Gearhart community," writes her sister, Mrs. Elvia King, now of Portland. "Her son Edward with his wife Nancy and four children have resided in the home formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Tagg in retirement. Many improvements and additions have been made to both houses through the years. The big home has a small satellite cottage in the yard to which giant chestnut trees and horse chestnuts give friendly shade.

"Two generations have grown up here — William Tagg's three daughters and Verna and Gren Bates' children,

Barbara, Patty and Edward. It has been more or less the ancestral home to numerous children, grandchildren, cousins, aunts, uncles and a delightful place for friends who have, through the years, grown to love it.

"So an era ends and a new one begins. We of the family are glad that two more little girls will grow up here".

The Weisers' two little girls are Heidi, 6, and Mary 8. They have already picked out their own rooms in the big three-story house, which has seven bedrooms and five baths. Mrs. Weiser plans to operate a beauty parlor on the 40 foot wide glassed-in front porch, which has its own fireplace. Weiser works at Astoria Plywood corporation.

Mamie Arthur, who despite advanced years, still works as a cook at the Seaside Restaurant, occupies the small satellite cottage.

Mrs. King, who supplied most of the information for this report, sent along a couple of clippings, one from the Seaside Signal and one from the Portland Oregonian. The latter, written by Wyn Berry, gives a vivid description of the days of the "daddy train" and of the delights of a vacation at Ocean Home Farm, or The Downs, as it was at first named.

"For the children there was a world to explore — a world of scrub pines and white sand, of horses, of crabbing or clamming, hikes and hay rides. Where a child could run as wild as the wind all day long as long as he remembered his hat and his manners at meal times.

"But weekends were the best of all. As soon as the 'daddy train' rolled in,

the pace of living quickened. The children knew there would be keener competition on the croquet field, special dishes at dinner, more ambitious picnics and parties on Saturday night.

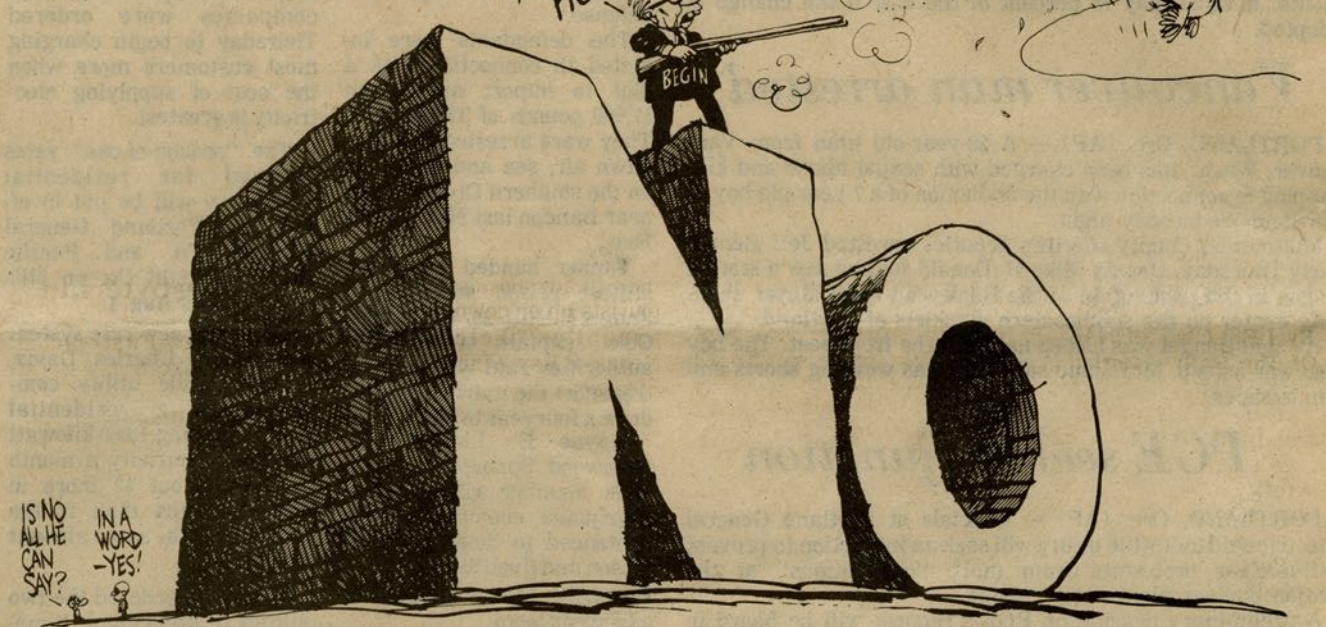
"Fancy dress parties were the most fun. All day the children would poke through musty, mushroom-smelling contents of hump-backed trunks in the attic, trying on stored clothes and old hats.

"There would be singing. . .Rugs were rolled up and a snappy Virginia reel filled the living and dining rooms with dancers. . .

"In the mornings, families and friends usually carried their bathing costumes and walked across the road, over a footbridge across Neacoxie River, down the mile or so path to the beach. . . Sometimes a picnic to Strawberry Knoll or Cullaby Lake was promoted. A large wicker hamper, filled with robust and delicious food, would be packed in Mrs. Tagg's kitchen. . . The adventurous might canoe down the Neacoxie to Gearhart or fish away a misty afternoon. For a change, the horse and buggy might be hitched up to make the four-mile trip down the rutted road to Seaside.

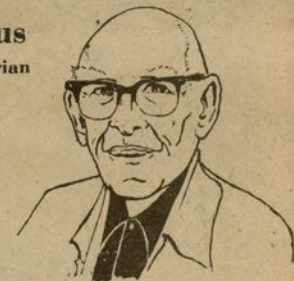
"The buggy road wound through stunted, twisted pines, around the inlet of the three rivers. It passed Indian Place, where Michelle, looking rather like a soiled dried-apple-doll, sold baskets to the tourists. This was the same old woman who came with friends, pine-root baskets on their backs, to The Downs each fall, selling clams, crabs, barnacles, blackberries and cranberries."

OS ANGELES TIMES
SYNDICATED
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STAR



IS NO
ALL HE
CAN
SAY?

IN A
WORD
-YES!



Special honor to 30

Memorial Day, which originally was May 30 to honor those who had perished in war to defend the United States, now wobbles around the calendar to provide three-day holidays for some working people.

This year it comes Monday, May 29.

Bruce Berney of the Astor Library recently found among its archives a copy of a document published by the Oregon adjutant general's office in 1922, listing officers and enlisted men from Oregon who had lost their lives while serving with the armed forces in World War I.

The list is broken down by counties. Clatsop County has names of 30 men listed. The list makes no distinction as to branch of the armed services in which the man served, nor as to rank.

The list includes:

Walter J. Baker, Albert G. D'Elia, Carl J. Devedelas, Robert Ford, Shelby Hungate, Chris W. Johnson, Edwin J. Kelly, Guy Larson, Frank Mitchell, Lennie L. Mortenson, Edward M. Mullady, Freeman F. Parker, Aage Emil Petterson, Gudmund Rogenes, Guttorm S. Storemark, George Thim, Murray C. Wheat, all of Astoria.

Peter A. Agren, Jewell; Joshua Alderson, Cleveland (was there a Cleveland in Clatsop County then?); Robert J. Denver, Elsie; Earl L. Johnson, Wyva W. Johnson, Christian S. Peterson, Holden Vog, all of Westport; John A. Laakko, Knappton, Wash.; Louis O. Larson, Wauna; Louis Larson, William H. Nelson, Hammond; Fred E. Prosser, Seaside; Louis Henry Simonsen, Svensen.

Efforts to find similar lists for other wars have been only fragmentarily successful. Clatsop County may have had men in service in the Civil War, although the population here was scanty in those days. It undoubtedly had men in the service in the Spanish-American War, and of course contributed of its manpower and womanpower to World War II, the Korean War and the Vietnam struggle.

The state military department was able to provide a list of 24 World War II casualties from Clatsop County and a companion list of 20 who lost their lives in the armed services, but not in battle. These lists, however, are only of men who served in the Army and the Army Air Force, and does not include Navy or Coast Guard people.

The list of 24 combat deaths, which includes one listed missing in action: Howard F. Anderson, Norman E. Recke, Trooper S. Davis, John H. Elfving, Donald J. Foote, William B. Gott, Herbert G. Hochuli, Donald E. Hughes, Eino M. Ilberg, Richard A. Jamme, Clyde A. Kepford, Elmer J.

Laine, Tillman D. Larson, Grant Mahoney, Kenneth McCoy, Genn. H. McElwain, Bryon M. Miller, Jalmar O. Onstad, Robert L. Palmberg, Robert E. Rouse, Arthur Rubens, Everett J. Salvon, Gilbert J. Spicer, Albert M. Willis.

The 20 who died, but not of combat wounds, includes Clarence Ostrom, Edward Elfving, John Fitcha, Max F. Garrett, Jens H. Hansen Jr., John S. Hemingway, Ralph F. Johnson, Lauri A. Koski, Charles R. Matti, Robert McTammany, Roy Medley, John E. Mowick, William L. O'Brien, Richard H. Pershing, Robert C. Pryer, Bert P. Sampson, Arvid E. Seeborg, Jimmy F. Smith, Charles W. Stellright, Dallas F. Vancil, Robert Wendland.

It would be gratifying to be able to run a complete list of all the Clatsop County people who have given their lives to all our wars, but I have not been able to obtain the information.

At any rate, next Monday, May 29, will be their day to be honored by the rest of us.

Michael Naab, curator of the Columbia River Maritime Museum, came upon a story in an old newspaper among the museum's artifacts recently which indicates that getting old eyesore buildings torn down was an Astoria problem 70 years ago, as well as now

when disposal of the John Jacob Astor Hotel is a municipal headache.

The story Naab found is from the Astoria Leader, Vol. 1, No. 6, January 11, 1908. It has a headline as follows: "Unpleasant Sight on Busy Street Should Be Taken Away." The rest of the piece reads thusly:

"Whose duty is it to clean up the unsightly ruin of the building formerly occupied by Bell, the photographer? is a question frequently asked.

"Some say that the labor devolves upon the lessee and others declare that it devolves upon the lessor: but whether upon the one or the other, it is a fact that some change should be made — and made promptly . . . There can be nothing gained by pursuing dilatory methods regarding the rehabilitation or complete removal of the building. If there were hope that the piling would again spring up and elevate the building to its proper level it might be well to 'bide a wee' — but in its present condition there seems but little prospect of an elevation at the rear or a depression at the front of the building. It should be declared a nuisance and abated."

The Astoria Leader, which published the above, was a weekly paper started in 1907 by the Owl Printery with W. L. Thorndyke as editor, according to George Turnbull's "History of Oregon

Newspapers."

The Leader apparently did not last through 1908. It was, as the late John Gratke said, one of a number of newspapers of those days "born at intervals in Astoria, that now slumber in the graveyard of the Fourth Estate."

Incidentally, Mr. Naab says he has found evidence that the building in question stood on Commercial between 12th and 14th — not far from the present eyesore, Astoria's pink palace.

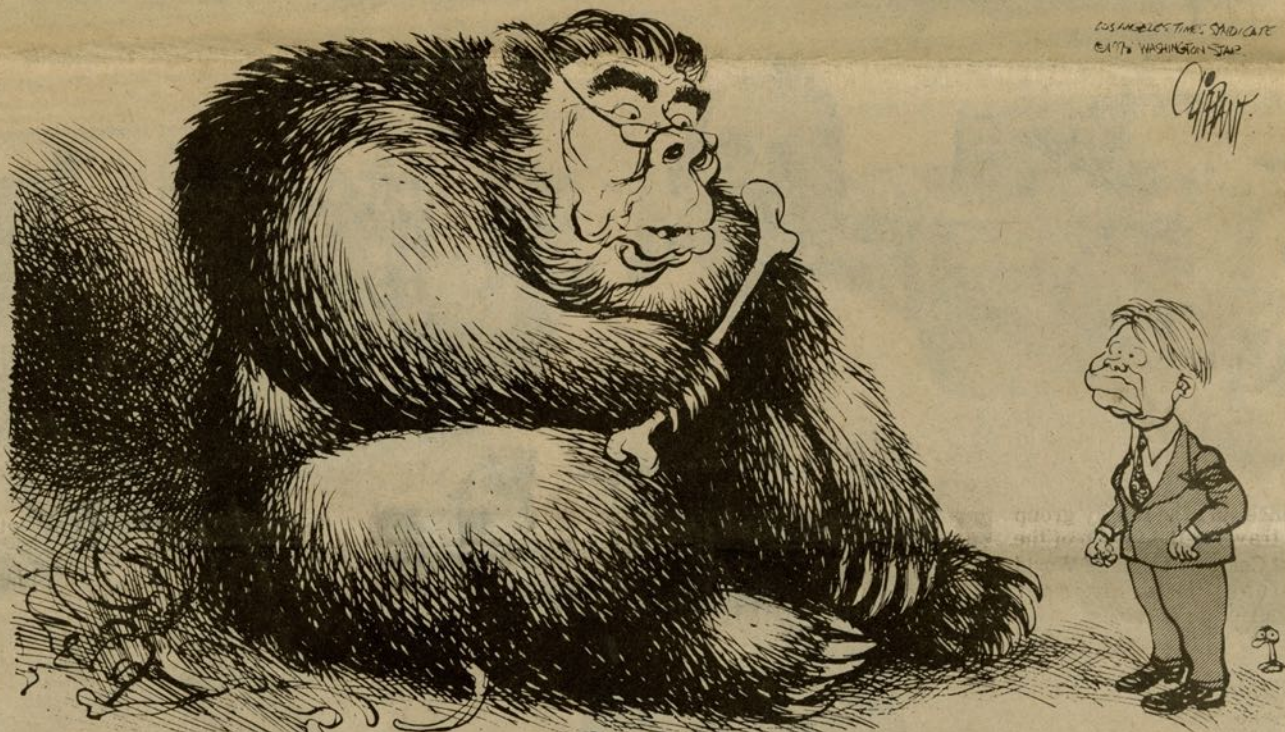
The Associated Press used to be dedicated to improvement of the English usage in its news stories, but it seems to have slipped a bit lately, judging from this sentence in a recent sport story:

"Mark 'The Bird' Fydrich, the Detroit Tigers' sore-armed pitching star, has been sent to Lakeland, Fla., to hopefully mend his prize wing in the Florida sun."

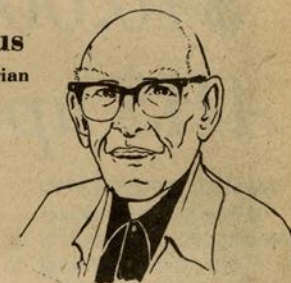
The split infinitive no doubt can be forgiven, but "hopefully"???

Misuse of the word "hopefully" is one of the most prevalent grammatical errors of the current season, but The Associated Press should be above such things.

What the AP no doubt meant to say about Fydrich was that he had been sent to Florida in hopes his arm would mend.



'WHAT DID I DO WITH YURI ORLOV? I ATE HIM WITHOUT SALT! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT, MR. HUMAN RIGHTS?'



Wartime reminiscences

Last week I wrote a little about Nethaneel (Tear) Christensen and his brother Riphath (Rip) who served together in the Army at Fort Stevens during much of World War II.

Tear Christensen has sent me several anecdotes about wartime service there, including a report of what happened the night the Japanese submarine I-25 bombarded the fort on June 21, 1942.

"I was in Company B then. I didn't hear the firing; I had just come off guard duty and was asleep in the barracks at the area where new quarters had just been constructed.

"I was awakened when the light came on in the barracks and a sergeant came through the door. I asked him what's all the fuss and confusion. He said we were firing on something, but I found out later we weren't. Other soldiers heard the whistle of incoming shells.

"When the man on guard at the Peter Iredale wreck called in to the officer of the guard to report the shelling, the officer couldn't believe it.

"I was told to go to the supply room to draw 240 rounds for my Browning Automatic Rifle (BAR). I was loaded down with weight. Then we were to get trucks to take us to the beach, but trucks didn't show up. so we were standing outside the barracks area.

"Some of the soldiers talked about taking off, running away. One soldier ran in between the barracks and fell into an air raid shelter and injured his knee and he still draws disability.

"We were then all run at double time to the motor pool. We got there, but there were no trucks, and we were told they were in our company area. So we ran back; no trucks. They were parked in a different area from where they were assigned. We finally found them and got aboard. We were taken to the Peter Iredale road overlooking the ocean. I was put into a pillbox overlooking the Peter Iredale. It was a beautiful night for a beach landing — the ocean very calm.

"About 2 in the morning when I was standing watch a lonely navy PBX airplane came from Tongue Point naval air station and flew out over the Columbia River. I was told they had to

get clearance from Washington, D.C. before they could go out to look for the sub."

Christensen also tells about the time troops were called out to fight a forest fire in Lewis and Clark valley, across the road from his parents' home.

"Our company of soldiers had been trained to fight forest fires, in fact any kind of fire. This fire was set, I am sure, to clear the land where I now live. (His place is on the summit of the ridge on the road from the L&C valley to Young's River via Tucker Creek). Herman Heikkala owned it then and burning was an easy way to clear land when there were so many old logs and dead trees on it.

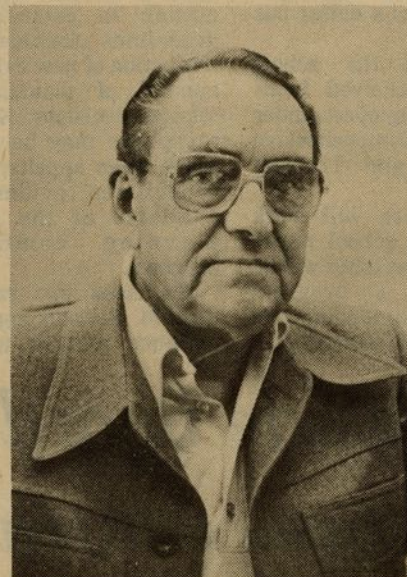
"This man thought there was no danger from the east wind and it wouldn't go into any Crown Zellerbach standing timber nearby.

"So he set the fire and it was burning very hard when my brother and I came home on an eight-hour pass to visit our parents. When we got back to Fort Stevens, we just got nicely into bed when over the loud speaker came 'Everybody up and dress to fight forest fire'.

"We got shovels, hazel hoes and axes — no power saws in those days. We got aboard trucks and left for the fire. I couldn't believe it; we were going right out where we had just been visiting our parents.

"The trucks stopped near Netel Grange hall and the drivers were confused. They couldn't see any fire, so big-mouth Tear Christensen said to the officer in charge that it was just up the road a half mile. So we all got back in the trucks and went on. We parked in front of the Bankie place; there was a family named Baker across the road. We all got out. The fire was near the Bankie home, so some of us got busy with the hand-packed or back-packed water pumps. I and Art Johansen were told to take a cross-cut saw and fell the tall standing dead trees that were on fire, as the sparks were being blown over areas where there was no fire.

"Burning chunks were falling all around. I remember Art Johansen lost his wrist watch. We felled all the old standing dead trees. Others packed



Bob Lucas

water from nearby wells, because there was no water line then in Lewis and Clark. We got the fire out.

"Next pay day — we were always paid in cash — I went up to get my pay. The officer said to me 'How about paying for that fire you started, near your folks' place.'

"I told him I had nothing to do with it, but it was a question in his mind because I knew where it was when we went out to fight it.

"A short time later I bought those 17 acres and there's where my house and farm are today."

A sad piece of mail arrived last week on the desk of Publisher Bud Forrester of The Daily Astorian, shortly after he and Mrs. Forrester had left for a vacation trip to New Zealand. It was a copy of Tico Times, an English language newspaper published in Costa Rica, and was sent by Dr. and Mrs. Forrest Rieke, who were killed in an accident in that country shortly after the paper was mailed on January 24. The paper had much news about a pending presidential election in that country, one of the few remaining Latin

American lands where genuine elections are still held.

While Forrester is vacationing, his editorial chair here is occupied by Bob Lucas, former member of the Astorian-Budget staff in various capacities from 1937 until 1945.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucas (the former Peggy Chessman of Astoria) have been occupying the Forrester home while the owners are away, to return the end of February. Mrs. Lucas left Tuesday to return to their home in Black Butte Ranch near Sisters. Lucas will be here the rest of the month.

Since leaving Astoria in 1945, Lucas has been editor of the Yakima Herald-Republic, the Denver Post and the Hartford Times and Washington, D.C., bureau chief for the Gannett chain of newspapers. He retired four years ago. He was admiral of the 1973 Astoria Regatta.

The town council of Kinney, Minn., population 325, has voted to secede from the U.S. in frustration at wading through incredible red tape entanglements to get a federal grant. It's easier to get foreign aid than domestic aid, said the Kinney council.

Reminds me of the time not so long ago when the Clatsop County Commission's Chairman Hiram Johnson proposed that Clatsop County secede from Oregon and join Washington, only to have Gov. Dan Evans decline to accept us. Does anyone remember now what that fuss was all about?

Jean Hallaux, Astoria city planner, has just received a letter from Charles DeFoe, who was Astoria Chamber of Commerce manager from 1954 to 1959. DeFoe, who is now in Austin, Tex., as a legislative lobbyist for the J.C. Penney company in six southern states, wrote of how much he still misses Astoria. It is the finest city with the best people of any of the many places he has worked in the U.S., he wrote, and he yearns to return here some day. He told Hallaux of the recent death of Mrs. DeFoe, and of his intention to retire soon and possibly visit here again.

EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

Oregon editors have been serving on state boards and commissions for a long time. In the generation of editors that immediately preceded mine, several performed that type of public service.

They included Merle Chessman of this newspaper, Ed Aldrich of The East Oregonian, Bob Sawyer of the Bend Bulletin, Bob Ruhl of the Medford Mail Tribune, Charles Sprague of the Oregon Statesman, Bernard Mainwaring of the Salem Capital Journal, Bill Tugman of the Eugene Register-Guard, Giles French of the Sherman County Journal, Clint Haight of the Blue Mountain Eagle, Frank Jenkins of the Klamath Falls Herald & News, Harris Ellsworth and Charles Stanton of the Roseburg News-Review and Elmo Smith of the Ontario Observer.

Among this generation of editors who have served on state boards and commissions there are Bob Chandler of the Bend Bulletin, Eric Allen of the Medford Mail Tribune, the late Bob Frazier of the Eugene Register-Guard, Wes Sullivan of the Oregon Statesman, Bob Ingalls of the Corvallis Gazette-Times, Glen Cushman of the Albany Democrat-Herald, Hugh McGilvra of the Washington County News-Times and John Moreau of the Blue Mountain Eagle.

This should not suggest that there is total agreement among Oregon editors regarding the involvement of editors in public service. Some think that any form of public service would compromise their role as editors; that they could not as editors write objectively about those matters which came before a state board or commission on which they served.

A very interesting case recently came up in Salem.

A few years ago, the Gannett Company which owns some 70 newspapers bought the Salem Capital Journal from the heirs of Bernard Mainwaring and the Oregon Statesman from the heirs of Charles Sprague.

Mr. Sprague was dedicated to the principle that an editor should involve himself with others in the community and state in solving public affairs problems as well as writing about them. He served in numerous public affairs roles including that of governor of Oregon.

Early in my career as an editor, I became a follower of Mr. Sprague's example. I determined that I would never be a candidate for elective office but that I would serve on boards and commissions and as an officer in local organizations dealing with public problems so long as that service did not conflict with my responsibilities as an editor. I became convinced that I should get into the arena and work on public problems and not just preach about them.

Wes Sullivan came up in newspapering at The Oregon Statesman under Charles Sprague. When Mr. Sprague died he became editor of the newspaper's editorial page.

Following his mentor's example, he became involved in public service. When the Gannett Company bought the Statesman, Sullivan was serving on the state Board of Forestry. He continued to serve on that board although the company that employs him has a policy prohibiting such involvement in public affairs.

He recently resigned from the board. He said in explaining his resignation, "I leave (the Board of Forestry) with some concern about this age in which getting close enough to a subject to touch it with your life disqualifies you from expressing a credible opinion about it."

The publisher of the Statesman, N. S. Hayden, long an employee of the Gannett Company, wrote a reply to Sullivan's view.

The Statesman has an editorial board which determines the position the newspaper will take on public issues. Sullivan is a member of the board. Of that Hayden wrote:

"Even though the editorial board concept gives the individual only one vote in making editorial policy, the editorial board always is influenced by arguments of its members and the public body individual has a definite edge — knowledge.

"Why should knowledge of a subject disqualify a newspaper person from expressing an opinion, you may ask. That was one of Sullivan's points in his column. In my view, the reason does not involve knowledge itself. The prior activity on the policy-making public body necessarily deprives the newspaper person of objectivity and violates the arms-length relationship between the press and the public sector. If one of the functions of the press is to be a watchdog, which I believe it is, then the press must operate independently of government."

Hayden said, "I don't believe the public can have faith in a newspaper if its executives in policy-making public positions also are involved in editorial decision making."

I protest. I have seen no evidence in many years of newspapering in this state that the readers of newspapers whose editors were involved in public service did not respect and have faith in those newspapers.

Hayden relates the involvement of an editor in public service with personal journalism and writes, "The days of personal journalism are all but gone in American newspapers. In my view that's good."

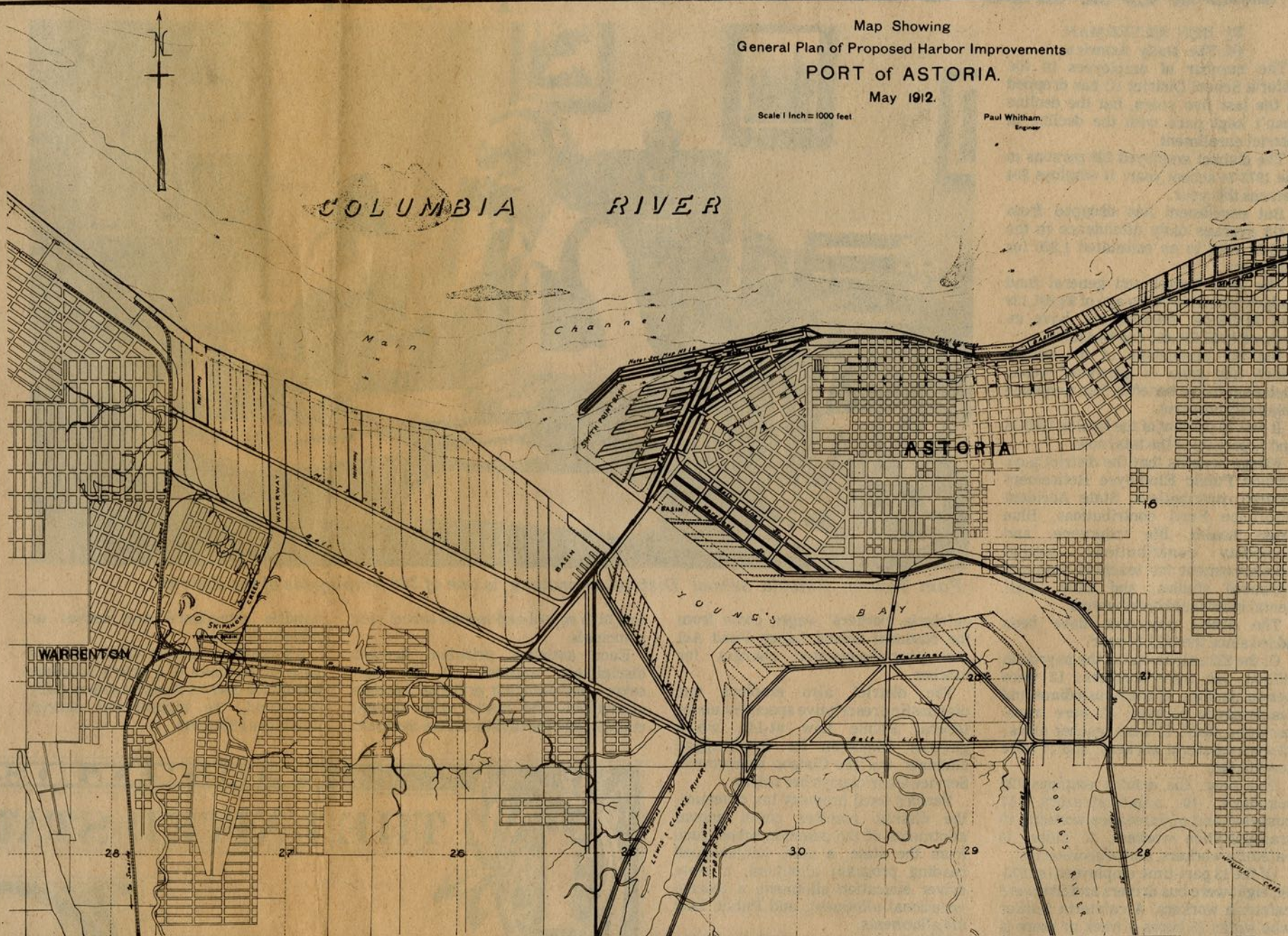
He's got it all wrong. Those Oregon editors who participated in public service also edited strong newspapers and editorial pages that had something to say. Oregon has a history of clean, responsible government and Oregon newspapers and their editors deserve much credit for it.

No one can convince me that collective decision making by an editorial board at The Oregon Statesman is better received by that newspaper's public than Charles Sprague's decision making was. That editorial board does not and never will enjoy the respect Mr. Sprague earned and held throughout his years as editor of the newspaper. — J.W.F.

THE DAILY ASTORIAN

An Independent Newspaper

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Kenneth Bue, Production Supt.
James Crowl, Circulation Mgr.



Bits and Pieces

First port master plan

By Fred Andrus
For The Daily Astorian



The 15 cartons of personal archives of August Hildebrand which his sons Frank and Arthur recently turned over to Russell Dark of the Clatsop County Historical Advisory Committee have proved to be a gold mine of historical material.

Among the more important items that Dark has come upon is a much-battered copy of what is probably the first master plan for development of the Port of Astoria ever produced.

Hildebrand, who, in his long career as an Astoria merchant, was much interested in the city's history, preserved nearly every document that came into his possession.

Dark said that so far as he knows Hildebrand's copy of the 1912 Port of Astoria plan may be the only one in existence. He showed it to port commissioners and other port officials, who studied it with interest and said they had never seen it before.

Judging from the plan, there must have been high hopes then that Astoria would become the New York of the west, fighting successfully to wrest trade from the Puget Sound ports and upriver Portland. There were dreams of all the commerce of the vast Columbia basin pouring down the Columbia to Astoria's docks.

And, to prepare for this expected torrent, the port planned ample docks to handle it and the ocean-going vessels

that would carry it to the world's harbors.

The port commission, then newly formed to help Astoria take advantage of the commerce expected to come to the Pacific Coast through the soon-to-be-finished Panama Canal, hired an engineer named Paul P. Whitham to prepare adequate plans.

There were no port docks in those days. Whitham proposed construction of an elaborate system of piers, slips and access roads and railway tracks at Smith Point, which he said was the best place in the area to accommodate ocean-going ships.

For the rest, he developed plans to line the waterfront with docks from Tongue Point all the way around to the Highway 101 bridge across Youngs Bay, then along the opposite shore of Youngs Bay, with a huge fill at Warrenton, and on to Hammond.

The fill at Warrenton would carry docks out to that city's pierhead line way out in Youngs Bay.

There was, of course, no Department of Environmental Quality in those days to preserve the tidelands from such despoilers as Whitham and the commissioners, nor was the Oregon State Land Board at that time interested in claiming ownership of all the submerged and submersible lands the port would have put to commercial use.

It would probably not be wise to let any DEQ officials see that 1912 port

plan. The thought of such sacrifice would give them heart attacks.

Whitham's plan contains 78 pages of printed matter plus a multitude of maps and drawings, all packed together in a neat paper-backed book about the size of the paperbacks that we see in book stores and libraries today. It lacked, however, a bright cover such as is popular today. The cover was somber dark brown, with the legend "Plan of the Port of Astoria, Oregon."

Whitham was a cautious man. He drew up plans that were grandiose indeed, but cautioned that the port commissioners should not over-reach themselves and build faster than the need's growth. But he had a bit of promoter's enthusiasm, too, and looked forward to a population of millions in the Northwest in the not far distant future. Every once in a while the light of enthusiasm brightens the prosaic pages of his report.

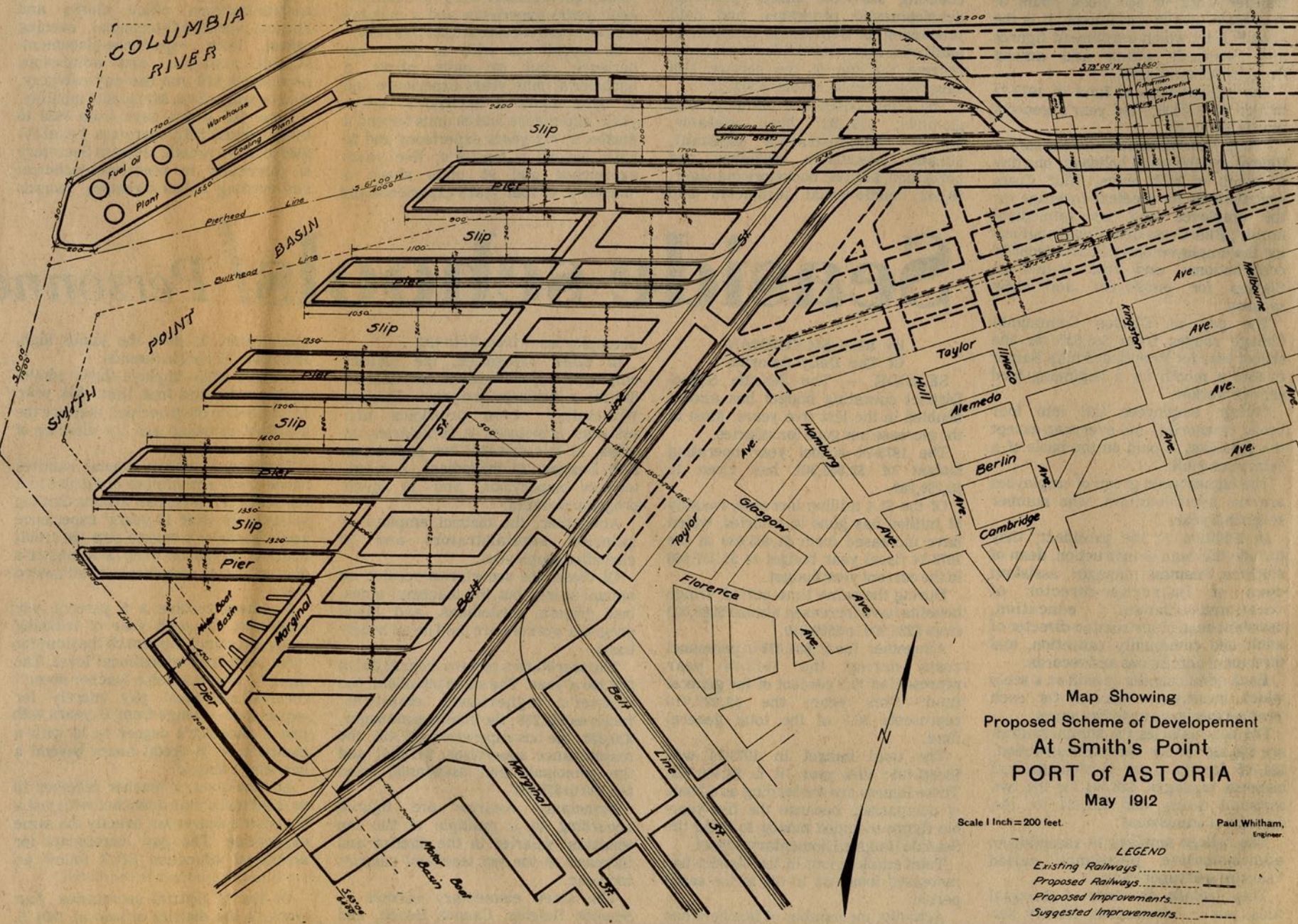
The report set up priorities for construction. First was a "public wharf and motor boat landing" between 14th and 15th, including a wharf, access road, and other improvements with a total cost of only \$40,000.

Second came the construction of an elaborate pier system at Smith Point for ocean ships with wharves, warehouses, and access roads and railway spurs, with a six-acre fill. Cost \$325,000.

Later on would come the development of Warrenton, also with an elaborate system of docks along both the Skipanon and the river front, to be filled out to the pierhead line. Eventually would come development of Youngs Bay, much reduced in size by the docks and fills along all its shores and to be dredged to a 24 foot depth of water.

All told, it was a magnificent dream. The only thing in the port's planning that got scanty attention was the source of cargo to be handled over the fine new docks. It apparently was taken for granted that, once we had the dandy docks, the Inland Empire's traffic would flow down here with a minimum of shortstopping at such inland places as Portland and Vancouver. Longview didn't even exist then.

Little of the port's dream came true. The port docks, much simpler than the ones that Whitham planned, were built at Smith Point as he recommended, but cost much more than the \$325,000 he estimated. The docks were completed at the time of World War I, but never developed the traffic that was expected. The debt burden taken on by the port to pay for these docks led to a default on bond payments in the 1930s, when people of the port district went on what amounted to a tax strike. The port district eventually paid off only a portion of its debt.



6 Nov 78

Death of a reporter

The death of Fred L. Andrus in his sleep at the age of 75 marks the loss of a fine reporter, an endangered species in an era of "media" journalism.

Fred had retired in 1969 as editor of the Daily Astorian after 22 years. He did not shake the world with national journalistic awards, but he left a legacy with all who worked with him for uncompromising honesty and integrity that is the hallmark of all great newspaper reporters and editors.

Andrus had come to Astoria in 1927 upon graduating with a chemical engineering degree from Oregon State University. He began as reporter for the Morning Astorian and later moved to the Evening Budget and stayed with its successors until he retired as editor.

In 1947, upon the death of editor and publisher Merle Chessman, a state senator and member of the Oregon Highway Commission, Andrus was appointed editor of the Astorian-Budget, a paper Chessman had made a talisman for fearless journalism in Oregon, having fought the rise of the Ku Klux Klan and the communist witch-hunters of the 1920s.

More than most newspapermen, Fred had an